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THE
AMICABLE QUIXOTE;
OR,
THE ENTHUSIASM
OF
FRIENDSHIP.

VOL. I,

THE
AMICABLE QUIXOTE;
OR,
THE ENTHUSIASM
OF
FRIENDSHIP.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Tout doit tendre au bon sens; mais pour y parvenir
Le chemin est glissant et pénible à tenir.

BOILEAU.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR J. WALTER, CHARING-CROSS,
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1203



P R E F A C E.

AFTER the production of those immortal fictions, the Atchievements of Don Quixote, the Adventures of Gil Blas, the histories by Fielding, with others of great excellence, Who can hope to obtain even a leaf of that laurel conferred upon the genius and the wit of so many ages?

I think it necessary to declare, that nothing but the experience of having frequently beheld new characters in new situations would induce me to present the following pages to the public. What Rochefoucault * says of self-love may be very

* Quelques découvertes que l'on ait faites dans le pays de l'amour propre, il y reste encore bien des terres inconnues.

correctly applied to knowledge of the world; and, I shall be highly gratified, if my readers allow that I have traced undiscovered lineaments, either lurking in the depths of the heart or floating on the surface of the disposition.

If any praise should be granted to my present undertaking, I shall, with pleasure, survey the choice of an amusement which I have chosen during the opportunities afforded me in my leisure hours.

From the commendations of the ladies, *for whom works of this kind are generally written*, I hope to derive that sanction and encouragement, which have the most powerful influence in a refined and a lettered age; but, I shall yet estimate as the highest recompence I can receive, the favourable suffrages of those judges who allow that I

7

have

P R E F A C E. vii

have excited a reverence towards virtue and a detestation of vice ; for, I have invariably considered, that every virtuous reader, who possesses powers of genuine criticism, if he peruses a composition without obtaining some instruction, as well as some pleasure,

“ Fares like the man, who first upon the ground
“ A glow-worm spy'd, supposing he had found
“ A moving diamond, a breathing stone,
“ (For life it had, and like those jewels shone;)
“ He held it dear, till, by the springing day
“ Inform'd, he threw the worthless worm away.”

WALLER.

T H E

THE AMICABLE QUIXOTE.

CHAP. I.

The laws of social benevolence require that every man should endeavour to assist others by his experience. He that has at last escaped into port from the fluctuations of chance, and the gusts of opposition, ought to make some improvements in the chart of life, by marking the rocks on which he has been dashed, and the shallows where he has been stranded.

RAMBLER, Vol. IV. N^o 174.

SIR Harry Hyndley and his lady had long flourished in the most splendid scenes of fashionable magnificence. During twenty years they had graced the annals of ~~the~~ ^{the} aristocracy by the best and different

• VOL. I.

B

sion,

as
X

sion, which, fostered by assiduity and time,
 at length expanded into the most reputable
 species of conjugal and reciprocal detesta-
 tion. Lady Hyndley was childishly fond
 of inordinate and frivolous pleasure; she
 was one of those common characters who
 are never happy but in a crowd. Sir
 Harry, who had a person uncommonly
 fine, was a gross voluptuary, depraved in
 principles, riotous in enjoyment, without
 wit, without sentiment, without elegance.
 They had no children to promote fond-
 nels, or to check hatred. Separate com-
 panions, and separate pleasures, were the
 natural consequences of their polite aliena-
 tion; and among the friends selected by
 Lady Hyndley as her favourites, she parti-
 cularly distinguished a student of Oxford,
 Sir Stephen Bruce was an intimate friend
 of

of Sir Harry Hyndley, who was intrusted with the care of his son during the residence of Sir Stephen in Scotland.

The young man, therefore, passed every vacation, and every leisure hour, with Lady Hyndley. He received her attentions with gratitude, but gave no encouragement to those kindnesses which were lavished with more tenderness than propriety. Her ladyship was not old, but was yet "*touched by the tender hand of mellowing time.*" She was, perhaps, at that age indicated by Voltaire, when he says "*L'amour est le plus grand des maux quand il n'est le plus grand des biens.*" The object of her partiality was placed next her in every company, with an ill-bred and rude preference of him to people of higher rank and unquestionable superiority. At table, she

always fed him with the nicest *morceaux*, culled with solicitous delicacy from the most exquisite dishes. He attended her to all places of public amusement, and to every private party, where, from his frequent appearance, he soon became an accustomed guest. This intimacy occasioned many hints and sneers; but the rigid propriety, and occasional coldness, exhibited by Bruce, whenever Lady Hyndley's friendship became too fervid, effectually prevented every other ill consequence but the displeasure of Sir Harry. Weary of conjectures, the truth of which they could not ascertain, the attentive friends of Lady Hyndley thought it necessary "*not to know what to think.*"

George Bruce, the son of Sir Stephen Bruce, was bred at Eton, and had studied at Queen's for three years. At the age of
 twenty-one

twenty-one, he was entitled to a small independent fortune, left him by a relation of his mother. Lady Bruce was married when very young to Sir Stephen, who being of a disposition untameably ferocious, treated his wife with cruelty, and his son with oppression. They had little intercourse; for Sir Stephen denied his son that income to which his rank entitled him, and prohibited any correspondence between George and his mother.

The person of Bruce was formed with that happy mixture of masculine firmness and graceful elegance which a painter would choose for the representation of manly beauty: he was not slim, but was perfectly *arrondi*. His eyes dark, sparkling, and intelligent; his voice clear and energetic;

energetic; his manners regulated by that invariable ease which is the characteristic of high-breeding. Though his intellectual capacity was uncommonly great, he was yet an eccentric mixture of romantic sentiment and volatile carelessness.

He was like Anthony, "*for his bounty there was no winter in't*;" and his munificence was not confined to the mere splendour of indolent donation, but was displayed in assiduous endeavours to serve and assist. One favourite propensity, the effect of a noble disposition, had often led him into ridiculous situations, by which he was exposed to the laughter of his acquaintance; this was the *enthusiasm of friendship*, which glowed in his heart with such uncommon rapture and such inva-
riable

riable philanthropy, that his whole study was to admire every one he knew of both sexes, and to bind himself to them by the strongest ties of inviolable attachment. Bruce had engraved upon his mind all those sublime and glittering precepts of poets and philosophers, which generally aggrandize sentimental effusion, and consecrate disinterested regard, without insuring or cementing any solid friendship. By an unwearied endeavour to serve and to oblige, he had attracted the admiration of many individuals who were incapable of stability in their resolutions, or suavity in their dispositions, and thus, by a pliant acquiescence, he had kept secure possession of their favour. Ever ardent to cultivate the goodwill of mankind, fearful of offending, and ambitious of possessing an unlimited ac-

quaintance, he perhaps sometimes forfeited his dignity, and disgraced his abilities, by a blind submission to the *diſſamina* of his companions.

Such was the man who by rigid cenſors was called the *minion* of Lady Hyndley, and whom Sir Harry would have been happy to repulſe without injury or injuſtice. He doubted not but that he was a gallant ſuitor for his lady's favours, and therefore wanted nothing but due proweſs to diſmiſs his gueſt. The exceſſive cordiality and politeneſs of Bruce rendered the attempt unſucceſſful. He perpetually expreſſed ſuch a regard for his hoſt, ſuch a high ſenſe of the ties of friendſhip, that it was almoſt impoſſible to inſult a man, who every hour exhibited in his behaviour new inſtances of amiable beneficence.

Sir Harry at last apprehended, that since her ladyship was so hospitable, it might not ill become him to imitate her generosity with equal ardour. Previous, therefore, to Bruce's next visit, he gave orders for a chamber to be got ready, and preparations to be made, for the reception of a lady who had before frequently visited Lady H. He went out the next morning, and returned in his carriage with a young lady, whose elegant deportment and animated beauty interested every one in her favour, and deprecated that aversion which all felt at this singular introduction. Sir Harry presented her to Lady Hyndley with these words; "I must intreat that *you* will be as affectionate to your female friends as I have been. I introduce this lady to you as a woman I value *next to yourself*;"

"shall

"shall be happy to give our friend Bruce
 "so agreeable a companion; his fidelity
 "and attachment to our house deserve our
 "best endeavours to make it agreeable to
 "him." Her ladyship felt the sneer, but
 prudently resisted the impulse to resent it.
 She received her new guest civilly, and, to
 the astonishment of every one, Miss Bry-
 ant was allowed by her own friends, and
 prevailed upon by Sir Harry, to remain
 some time in his family.

The next day Bruce arrived. He was,
 as usual, received with that prodigality of
 friendship, which he knew so well how to
 recompense and to retain; his anxious en-
 deavours to please revived all those senti-
 ments in his favour which had perpetually
 influenced the whole family; and such were
 his powers of exciting esteem, that even Sir
 Harry

Harry reproached himself for thinking with severity of so amiable a companion.

The intimacies of Bruce were formed upon principles very different from those which cement ordinary friendships. The faults, follies, and foibles of their acquaintance, are frequently the inducements which bring together people of a *gregarious* disposition, and visitors who furnish ample food for censure and laughter are often received with open arms: Bruce, on the contrary, found in the slightest acquaintance some virtue or some recommendation; and he carried his reverence for their qualities to a ludicrous height. On all other subjects he conversed rationally, and sometimes elegantly; but as soon as the enthusiasm of friendship was excited, it overwhelmed his discretion, and clouded his perspicacity.

When

When Sir Harry introduced him to Miss Bryant, with some forced encomiums on his high character for cordiality in friendships, Bruce readily quitted the beaten track of customary compliment, to launch out into his favourite subject. "I have been often amazed, Mr. Bruce, at the number of your acquaintance; how do you manage to attach and to preserve so numerous a body of people? I think I have met with very few who are in possession of so many connections."—"Very few, indeed, Sir Harry; I pique myself with some reason, I believe, on the wide circle to which I am allied; my present complement is—let me see—Eighty—then, fifty Hampshire—six at Scilly—the privy counsellor's three aunts—fourteen—Ay, ay—the present complement is

"one

"one hundred and fifty-three : to which add
 "my nineteen intimates in Russia, whom I
 "never saw, and you will not find me *very*
 "destitute." The company smiled, and
 Sir Harry was pleased with the amicable
 phrenzy : " I wonder how you can endure
 "some of the odd traits which I think you
 "must occasionally meet with in some
 "characters, and especially where neither
 "your interest nor your pleasure is con-
 "cerned."——" Pardon me, Sir Harry,
 "I have not a single friend, but who pos-
 "sesses some valuable talent ; even the
 "most common acquaintance I acknow-
 "ledge is dear to me by the superiority of
 "some splendid merit ; and I consider my
 "integrity and judgment equally pledged
 "for the discovery of his virtues."——
 "A discernment less than yours, Mr.
 "Bruce,

"Bruce, could never descry any real worth
 "in your new friend Sir Dudley Drone, a
 "man absolutely devoid of all ideas, and
 "who seems born for no other purpose but
 "to sleep: he neither gives nor receives
 "pleasure; he is ignorant, indolent, and
 "absent; in short, I never saw a man less
 "companionable."——"Ah! dear sir, you
 "know not half his merits; he is neither
 "passionate, arrogant, nor impertinent;
 "he hears every thing which is said in
 "every company with the most patient at-
 "tention; he never raises your expecta-
 "tions of his abilities too high, and of
 "course never disappoints you; so far
 "from assuming any character which he
 "is unequal to, I have passed a week in
 "his society at his own house, and never
 "heard him speak the whole time."——
 "Pon

" 'Pon my word, a most agreeable man ?

" Well then, there's another acquaintance

" of your's I once met, Bob Panic, who is

" always plaguing people with fears for

" their health, *because he has not seen them*

" *so long*, though it often happens that he

" has dined with them the day before ; the

" last time I encountered him he went

" through all the symptoms of gout, palsy,

" and pleurisy, to prove to me that I had

" got a bilious fever."——" Sir, I hardly

" know a more excellent man than Bob

" Panic ; his only failing is, that he dis-

" tresses his own mind for the welfare of

" his friends, in which, perhaps, he a little

" resembles me ; his anxiety if he does not

" often see you ; his solicitude to suggest

" means for your being better than you

" are, even if you are ever so well ; his

" caution

“caution in not suffering you to deceive
 “yourself into an opinion of being in
 “health because you look so, or feel so;
 “and, above all, his power of magnifying
 “every misfortune and every danger, that
 “you may be quite prepared against it;
 “these, Sir, speak a man a true friend, and
 “I, who have so often experienced his
 “bounties, must always reverence my good
 “friend Bob Panic.”——“You speak
 “very highly of him, which is surely more
 “than you can do of his brother-in-law
 “Ned Schism.”——“Pardon me, I think
 “him one of the most useful and equitable
 “characters I know; he is famous for ce-
 “menting those friendships which by some
 “unlucky perverseness or misunderstan-
 “ding have been separated; and his great
 “merit is, that he never allows people
 who

“ who have quarrelled to meet with a view
 “ to reconciliation, till he has made all
 “ parties acquainted with the mutual aspe-
 “ rity which both have exhibited in each
 “ other’s absence ; he has a noble memory
 “ and he is always able to relate, with in-
 “ credible accuracy, the whole vocabulary
 “ of abuses and menaces which he has
 “ collected from either side, together with
 “ all the different shades of insinuation
 “ and figures of abhorrence : thus you see
 “ every one acts under reciprocal convic-
 “ tion and cannot again give way to the
 “ violence of their temper, with the salvo
 “ of having been trepanned into good will
 “ *under false pretences.*” —

“ Well, Sir, these people have doubt-
 “ less great recommendations, and they
 “ are much superior to another man, whose

" want of education and good sense would,
 " I should apprehend, totally preclude an
 " intimacy between you; I mean Peter
 " Le Pied."——" Bless me, Sir Harry,
 " he is one for whom I have a very sin-
 " cere regard, as well for his elegant ac-
 " complishments as for his manly virtues:
 " Sir, he is the best dancer I know! He
 " treads most learnedly; he cannot ask
 " you how you do, but you may see
 " he has been taught to dance! Even his
 " mind, Sir, is always moving in an intel-
 " lectual minuet; all the world know it;
 " his fame might entitle him to a dancing
 " diploma for opening every ball he goes
 " to; and I doubt not but his minutest *pas*
 " will reach posterity: then his temper is
 " as flexible as his toes; he bows benevo-
 " lently; there is a kind of probity in his
 " mode

“mode of being true to the time whenever
 “he exhibits: he keeps time so much bet-
 “ter than——” “He keeps his word—
 “which he will, I believe, break to his
 “dearest friend, upon the most solemn oc-
 “casion.”——“Sir Harry, we are not all
 “perfect; and, I think myself bound by
 “every tie of agility, to maintain the friend-
 “ship of Peter Le Pied.”——“And pray,
 “Mr. Bruce, give me leave to ask, Are
 “the motives equally cogent which united
 “you in friendship with Billy Tipple, the
 “meagre toastmaster, who drinks three
 “bottles in an hour?”——“Certainly! It
 “is not his intemperance that I admire;
 “no, Sir Harry, it is his valour and forti-
 “tude; it is resolution exhibited upon
 “many occasions, that shews him to be
 “possessed of a genuine courage which

" marks the truly brave : my poor praises,
 " however, would be faint, if you could
 " once see him in his proper sphere, if you
 " could view him glowing with natural
 " ardour, and with unshaken firmness ; for
 " instance now, if you saw him take phy-
 " sic ! Ah ! Sir Harry, the prowess with
 " which he swallowed two pills and a fa-
 " line draught ! Never shall I forget, when
 " struggling with a cold, which he got by
 " shaving in a hard frost, how he spurned,
 " with a generous indignation, the reme-
 " dies of abstinence, which his great soul
 " could not brook ! No, Sir, with that un-
 " daunted spirit which he may so justly
 " boast, he encountered a sudorific potion
 " of white wine whey ; he then went to
 " sleep, submitting for four hours and an
 " half to the ignominious bondage of the
 " bed-

“ bed-chamber : his fever abated ; but his
 “ mind, Sir, was neither elevated by suc-
 “ cess, nor sunk by imprisonment ; no
 “ longer, then, let us say with a malignant
 “ and narrow prejudice, that

“ Heroes are much the same, the point’s agreed,
 “ From Macedonia’s madman to the Swede.”

“ Far be it from those who are illumined
 “ by the rays of Tipple’s heroism ; far be
 “ it from such to deny that a great mind
 “ may exist in a slight person : let every
 “ one disposed to carp at lofty deeds con-
 “ sult the annals of my friend Tipple’s
 “ courage and conduct ; let them remem-
 “ ber his achievements, and gladly offer that
 “ portion of praise which is so justly due to
 “ the chevalier *sans peur & sans reproche*.”

The novelty of Bruce’s predominating
 enthusiasm afforded Miss Bryant infinite

entertainment ; but she saw, or thought she saw, in him something more interesting than the peculiarity which he then exhibited : this sentiment, whatever it was, she too studiously endeavoured to conceal. When the ladies retired to coffee, Miss Bryant noticed Bruce's frailty : " What a ridiculous propensity ! nothing so ill becomes a man as to proclaim the imbecillity of his own mind ; the handsomest man in the world must suffer from so dark a shade in his character : no, I could never bear Mr. Bruce, even if he said or thought the civillest things of me."

Lady Hyndley was struck with the brisk censure from a girl not of a satirical disposition. " You are severe upon my friend, and really without reason, for I doubt
" not

"not but he is sincere in whatever he
 "says; and if you consider how valuable a
 "true friend is, you will respect his zeal,
 "and honour his fidelity."—"I shall
 "think much better of him, Madam, since
 "he is so ably defended; and, like you, I
 "shall make it no less my duty than my
 "pleasure to *contemplate* his little peculiari-
 "ties."—"If you favour us with your
 "company during his residence with us,
 "you will have leisure for permitting Mr.
 "Bruce to increase the number of his
 "friends; and I presume you have no one
 "in your family who would object to
 "your knowing the world by studying
 "characters."—"Your ladyship is little
 "acquainted with me, and still less with
 "my friends, if you suppose they would

“not be anxious on the subject of my
 “usurping attentions, to which I have no
 “claim : I shall seriously consider myself
 “selected pointedly as the object of your
 “ridicule and disapprobation, if you think I
 “do not thoroughly condemn Mr. Bruce’s
 “affected raptures ; and, whatever excel-
 “lence you may see in them, nothing can
 “be more remote from my disposition than
 “to lend my praise to such empty sen-
 “timents.”——“ You are the first person
 “who has not seen something amiable even
 “in his errors.”——“ Dear Ma’am, I am
 “not obliged to be watching every body’s
 “virtues ; my own go very well, and can
 “never want to be regulated by the dial
 “of every moralist I meet.”——“ But,
 “why imagine that the dial is so incor-
 “rect?”

“ rect ? ” — “ Not at all, Madam ; he is
 “ very true, and tells how love flies, that
 “ is, if you shine upon him.”

Bruce and Sir Harry came in. The
 latter, who was an intemperate feeder, had
 drank inordinately. He reeled up to Miss
 Bryant. “ My dear Emily, rob me of my
 “ bottle, if I don’t love thee ; I do, ’faith !
 “ I’ll have some coffee ; it shall be strong
 “ as your sense : I’ll put milk enough in to
 “ make it as soft, and sugar enough to make
 “ it as sweet as your disposition.” Miss
 Bryant was much confused at his improper
 behaviour. Lady Hyndley coloured, and told
 Bruce, in a whisper, to persuade Sir Harry to
 behave with due decorum. “ Alas ! Ma-
 “ dam, it is the business of my life to make
 “ friends ; judge then, if I can be so weak
 “ as to tell them when they expose them-
 “ selves ? ”

“ selves.”——“ But, my friend, is there
 “ not some very gentle manner in which
 “ you, with your usual good sense, could
 “ convey a reproof?”——“ Dear Madam,
 “ no good sense ever conveyed a reproof :
 “ I see Sir Harry is totally wrong, there-
 “ fore the last thing that will cure him is a
 “ reprimand. If he was sober, and in the
 “ right, he might, no doubt, be easily per-
 “ suaded to alter his conduct.” Lady
 Hyndley interfered, and at last prevailed
 upon Sir Harry to sit down and drink his
 coffee. “ Well, I will be persuaded and
 “ good-natured ! ’Faith your ladyship looks
 “ very well to-night ; how I should love
 “ you if you were not married ! hey, Lady
 “ Hyndley !—Nay ; don’t blush now, for
 “ it looks as if you understood me, and
 “ that I dare say you would not do for the
 “ world ;

" world ; besides, I have such ideas of the
 " sacred purity of women's delicacy, that
 " I am shocked to see them renounce the
 " smallest particle of it.—Ah ! Emily, my
 " love ! well, how do all do at home ? Is Sir
 " Edward pretty well, and Lady Bryant,
 " and young Mr. Bryant ? How do they
 " all go on there ? What a pretty, nice,
 " little creature you are, Emily ! I dare say
 " your mother is very fond of you.——
 " Now, Mr. Bruce, I have drank my
 " coffee, let's all go and take a stroll to
 " the Opera ; come—let us—let us."

The rest of the party declined it, con-
 sidering Sir Harry's situation ; he only
 darted a look of vengeance at his lady for
 preventing the expedition, and then went
 off himself. The evening passed very
 agreeably, from the mutual endeavours of
 Bruce

Bruce and Miss Bryant to contribute to the pleasure of Lady Hyndley, who had just prudence enough to be pleased with her company, when it was her interest not to offend them ; a species of discretion not always displayed by persons *apparently* much wiser than her ladyship : in the *charlatanerie* of self-conceit, those who aspire at superiority may, without any one requisite for a valuable character, without sense, wisdom, good-humour, or politeness, soar above their companions by petulant and solicitous disdain.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

To be cut off by the sword of injured friendship is
the most dreadful of all deaths next to suicide.

CLARISSA.

THE elegant beauties of Emily Bry-
ant had attracted the admiration of
Bruce soon after his arrival at Sir Harry
Hyndley's. She was just eighteen; her
person finely formed, rather majestic and
lofty, than insinuating and complacent:
her accomplishments were various, her at-
tachments violent, and her friendship in-
dissoluble. She loved to oblige, but she
loved also to controul; and she had blend-
ed, with a high sense of her own superior
abilities, a spirit of resolute firmness and
unyielding dignity. She entertained the
most

most noble sentiments of virtue and had very high ideas of propriety ; but, this sense of decorum would sometimes evaporate in the vindication of her own liberty. Her perfections, therefore, excited rather admiration than tenderness ; her influence was that of irresistible sway, not of artless allurements. When Bruce first saw her, he was "*awe struck,*

" And as he pass'd he worshipp'd *,"

At the next interview he conversed with her as a pleasant companion, without expecting any information or any uncommon talents. Her accomplishments surprised him ; her knowledge of the fine arts ; the elegance with which she spoke ; the taste with which she sung ; the judgment with which she decided. He had

* Comus.

seen

seen many women possessed of single excellence but never had found so many qualities with so little pedantry. Emily was never arrogant on the subject of her talents, and she was seldom otherwise in the support of her humours. She gave her opinions with the most insinuating humility; she uttered her commands with imperious vehemence. The family of Sir Edward Bryant were much afraid of her attracting admirers unequal to her in fortune or in rank. She was loved by her father, and her mother indulged her in some caprices which ought to have been rectified in her early years. Adrian degl' Uberti, a foreigner of distinction, was the first suitor who aspired at the hand of Emily Bryant. His skill in music was incomparably great. He touched, *with flying fingers*, the harp and the organ.

organ. Every hearer was enraptured at the melody, which his delicate taste and exquisite skill always produced. But, with his harmony ended his power of entertainment. Dull and insensible to all the charms of intellectual supremacy, he was very ill calculated to excite the tenderness and esteem of such a mistress as Emily. She admired his melody, but when the music was finished, quitted him with readiness. Successive admirers approached ; some with distant awe, some with pert familiarity, and others with elegant softness. But all these were either the sport, or the objects of detestation, in the mind of Miss Bryant.

In a few days, Sir Harry rode out. Bruce remained all the morning with Lady Hyndley, who was not very well,
and

and Miss Bryant was retired to her own apartment. About three o'clock Sir Harry was inquired for by a young lady, who desired, if he was not at home, she might be permitted to wait for him. She was shewn into a room, and Bruce, hearing of it, had the curiosity to pass through, in order to take a view of her. Her form was noble, heightened by all the charms of natural beauty, but in her countenance appeared a ferocious and ghastly gloom, which inspired the beholder with horror and dismay. She had with her a beautiful child, who seemed about nine years old, whom, when Bruce entered, she was pressing to her bosom with convulsions of anguish, while the tears streamed incessantly from her eyes. The boy shewed a lively sense of his mother's sorrow; his heart swelled with tumultuous

VOL. I.

D

agony,

agony, and he kissed the tears from her eyes without being able to speak comfort to her. She rose at Bruce's entrance, and, with much confusion, endeavoured to recover herself. He advanced very respectfully, and addressed her with a tenderness which was one of the predominant features of his character: "I find myself
 "reprehensible, Madam, in thus intruding
 "upon your sorrows; had I known there
 "was a stranger in distress, nothing would
 "have prevailed upon me to interrupt you
 "but the certainty that I could mitigate
 "your affliction." The lady during some time struggled for utterance; she at last overcame the conflict of fierceness and misery: "I thank you, Sir, for the benevolent
 "expressions to which I have no claim
 "from a stranger; my wish to see Sir
 "Harry

“ Harry Hyndley has, perhaps, made *me* an
 “ intruder. I should be sorry to interest
 “ any of his friends in my misfortunes, by
 “ an improper and unauthorized applica-
 “ tion to them on the subject of my pre-
 “ sent request. *My* woes are too common
 “ to excite admiration and too keen to
 “ admit remedy. You may yet, Sir, do
 “ me a very great service by concealing
 “ from Sir Harry that he is wanted by one
 “ in misery, and by directing him to be
 “ brought into this room when he returns.”
 —“ I perceive, Madam, you are little
 “ acquainted with me; you are ignorant
 “ that my name is Bruce. Do you now
 “ know me, Madam? Do you not recog-
 “ nize in me the friend of all mankind?
 “ Every body’s brother; the humble efforts

D 2

“ I have

“ I have made to establish amity, and to
 “ dignify friendship, the noblest of all sen-
 “ sentiments, have they never reached
 “ you ?” The lady, who could by no
 means comprehend the tenor of his dis-
 course, sat silent for a few minutes ; she
 then recollected herself, and replied : “ Of
 “ friendship, Sir, I have known so little,
 “ that every thing respecting it is new to
 “ me but the sound ; you profess yourself
 “ every body’s friend, and I may, therefore,
 “ hope to be included in your good wishes.
 “ Pardon me if I say I neither expect or
 “ desire any thing more ; I have been so
 “ long a stranger to all the tender offices
 “ of friendship and humanity, that I now
 “ only wish for sullen solitude ; and I in-
 “ treat you will not involve yourself in the
 “ gloom

against a window, and as they entered he fell speechless on the floor: the lady was thrown on a sofa, her cloaths bloody, and in her hand a knife, with which she had wounded herself and Sir Harry Hyndley. The child was screaming in an agony of horror, and clasping the arm of his mother, who wrung his hand with looks of frantic despair. When she perceived Lady Hyndley, she attempted to speak, and, after some efforts, delivered these words in a trembling yet emphatical voice:

“ On a wretch who has deprived me of
 “ my fame and my innocence, by whose
 “ villainy I was precipitated from secure
 “ happiness to the gulph of infamy and
 “ wretchedness, on that monster I have ob-
 “ tained the vengeance which my honour
 “ demanded. Execrations would now be
 “ vain

"vain and ungenerous; but something is
 "due to my own fame, and I ought to de-
 "clare, that he misled me, not by the de-
 "pravity of my own passions, but by my
 "love for him. He attached my heart
 "when I was a stranger to guile, and led
 "me through all the varieties of ungovern-
 "able fondness by insidious adulation; he
 "then resigned me to disgrace and indi-
 "gence, when I had no one to assist me
 "but my God, or to soothe me but my
 "child." She turned to the boy with
 eager transport; a ray of tenderness shot
 from her eyes, and she kissed him with a
 look which no description could delineate.
 In the midst of her embraces a strong con-
 vulsion seized her, and, in a few minutes,
 she expired. None present could speak,
 for they were all *harrowed* with wonder

and dread. Sir Harry, who recovered a little from his swoon, uttered a few words in a feeble voice: "Before I die, let me intreat you, Lady Hyndley, to be kind to that child; if any consideration can expiate my crimes, it must be the welfare of that infant, of whom I am the father. As for you, I have amply recompensed you in my will, for the uneasiness I may have given you in my life. Emily, my dear charming girl, let me embrace you; I have been your friend and your protector, and I hope you will not find I am unworthy your regard in my behaviour to you when you peruse my will. Commend me to your family; may your charms and your virtues be beloved as I have beloved them, and you will never want a friend. The hand of

" death

“ death is on me, and I grow dim ; yet
 “ there is a secret I could wish you to—”
 His voice then forsook him, and in violent
 pangs he terminated his existence.

The amazement with which every beholder was seized at the view of this scene, produced a long silence, till Miss Bryant, bursting into tears, poured forth the most piercing lamentations over the body of Sir Harry Hyndley: “ I have lost one who
 “ was so generous a friend, that I hoped he
 “ would have lived many years to honour
 “ me with his regard and his protection.”
 Lady Hyndley was astonished at her words, and a look of disdain, which shewed her sentiments, was darted at Emily with all the acrimony of lively detestation. Bruce, not in less agitation, took the child, who
 . . . lay

lay frantic upon his mother's corse, and, after trying to soothe his grief, inquired who he was. His name was Forrester, and they came that morning from *****, the place where his mother had formerly lived.

After the bodies were removed, and all assistance administered, though ineffectually, that could be thought of, the friends of Sir Harry Hyndley were sent to the next day, and upon opening the will, they found he had bequeathed the following legacies: To Lady Hyndley £. 20,000, in addition to her jointure, which was £. 2,000 *per annum*; to Miss Bryant £. 20,000, which was left in trust with her mother till she came of age; to Lady Bryant £. 10,000, and to Sir Edward Bryant, in consideration of
some

some acts of friendship, £. 10,000. These, with a few others, were the only legacies he bequeathed.

Upon the perusal of the testament, Lady Hyndley, with a ferocity which she had never before displayed, broke out into expressions of aversion and reproach against Emily. She reprobated the memory of Sir Harry for throwing away so much money in what she styled *an infamous legacy*, and concluded her aspersions by insisting upon the departure of Miss Bryant the next morning. Bruce, who hardly dared to interfere, left his passion for Miss B. should be detected, with some address prevailed upon Lady Hyndley, *for her own sake*, to permit Emily's residence there till she could conveniently prepare for her departure.

A question

A question now arose: "What was to be done with the child?" Lady Hyndley could not bear his presence for some time; but at last Bruce told her, that if she declined the protection of him, he himself would be at the expence of his education. Her ladyship blushed at her own want of humanity: the child was suffered to remain where he was.

Sir Harry Hyndley, but a few days before he died, had, with his fondness for Miss Bryant, privately made her a handsome present. She always appeared very wealthy, which might be expected from the opulence of her own family.

Emily, whose heart ever glowed with all the generous feelings for suffering humanity, and who found in benevolence the purest delight, took the present opportunity
of

of displaying her munificence. She conferred with Bruce on the subject of the debts contracted by the unhappy female, whose error had been so fatal to herself and to Sir Harry: Emily then gave him fifty pounds, insisted upon his accepting it for the payment of them, and promised as much more as would satisfy the creditors if that was not sufficient. Bruce, whose income was not large, contributed a sum for the same purpose; but Lady Hyndley refused to hear of any subscription, or to afford the least trifle on such an occasion. Bruce asked her again; she frowned with disgust: "Give them my warmest censure for being such fools as to trust such a woman in distress."—"I certainly will, Madam, they shall have the widow's mite."

Bruce

Bruce went to the mother's lodgings to get some intelligence of her friends, but without success. Nobody knew her; she had lived there for three years very privately, and no one ever came to visit her, but an old man who formerly brought her money. This person had not been there for some time; and it was supposed, when they heard the story, that the extremity of her indigence, and the keen sense of her injuries, had driven her to the desperate deed which she perpetrated. Bruce settled what little debts were due there, and then returned to Lady Hyndley.

When he arrived, he found Emily with the child upon her lap. She was endeavouring to alluage the violence of his distress for the loss of his unfortunate parent. She had moderated his transports, and was

2

amusing

amusing him with an inimitable skill and a playful tenderness, to which her humanity and her beauty added new lustre and excited fresh emotions in the heart of Bruce. He sat down near her: "How soon do you leave us? Tell me, I intreat you, what course I shall take to see you as often as I have lately done, for I find I cannot live without you."——Emily looked at him, and smiled: "Any friend of Lady Hyndley's must be dear to me; and, after the treatment I received from her, I cannot but be disposed to listen to the addresses and protestations of her favourite."——"Your reply is a severe one; why is a regard for Lady H. more criminal than a partiality for Sir Harry?" Emily was struck with conscious impropriety of her own conduct: Bruce proceeded——

"However

“ However circumstances may have ap-
 “ peared to injure your character, and how-
 “ ever malignantly they may have been in-
 “ terpreted, I cannot be prejudiced against
 “ you ; I have still the highest opinion of
 “ your virtues and your discretion. Sir
 “ Harry is now dead, and you may want
 “ the service of one who makes it his
 “ glory to be faithful in his attachments.
 “ If you smile at my enthusiasm, at least
 “ you may approve my adoration of you.
 “ When I forfeit my allegiance to my
 “ friends, may I become unworthy *your*
 “ tenderness ; no greater curse can befall
 “ me.”——“ It is an odd season to talk
 “ of love, nor ought I to hear you on a
 “ subject so foreign to my present situa-
 “ tion ; I have, indeed, lost such a friend,
 “ that it is, perhaps, my duty never to al-
 “ low

“ low another a place in my heart.”——
 “ As a lover, Madam, Sir Harry was, no
 “ doubt, happy.”——“ You err most cru-
 “ elly, he was no lover, he was merely a
 “ friend; it ill becomes you, Sir, to draw
 “ such constructions from that sacred
 “ name; you injure his memory, and insult
 “ my character, if you think I was the
 “ companion of his pleasures; Sir Harry’s
 “ views were noble, he would not for the
 “ world——” “ Nay, Madam, after what
 “ we have this day seen, Sir Harry’s
 “ virtues will hardly be brought even into
 “ question; the wretch who could subvert
 “ the principles, ruin the fame, and after-
 “ wards promote the destruction of a wo-
 “ man, is too depraved for me to vindi-
 “ cate: but I hope to be pardoned for
 “ daring to employ your time and your
 VOL. I. E “ thoughts

“ thoughts on so worthless an object as
 “ myself ; I want neither ardour, sincerity,
 “ nor perseverance, but I stand in great
 “ need of interest in your heart ; I have in-
 “ deed foolishly thought, as you ostenta-
 “ tiously declined the idea of a fordid par-
 “ tiality to any admirer, that my adoration
 “ might be favourably accepted ; you know
 “ me for your friend, your servant, and
 “ your lover.”——

As he pronounced these words very
 emphatically, Lady Hyndley entered the
 room ; she appeared highly enraged, and
 addressed Emily with a look of insolent se-
 verity : “ Since I know it, I shall take care
 “ to be so much the friend of *your* family,
 “ Madam, as not to let you throw yourself
 “ away upon a young man whose ingrati-
 “ tude to me proves him unworthy your
 “ affection.”

"affection." Bruce was distressed at the
 interruption: "If I am your ladyship's
 "friend, I am not your slave; your in-
 "fluence over me is that of haughty despo-
 "tism, not of insinuating tenderness; I
 "never meant to offend you by my regard
 "for Miss Bryant; *your* claims to my sin-
 "cerest and most zealous partiality are cer-
 "tainly unlimited, but why may I not, in an
 "honourable way, address my vows to a
 "lovely woman, who may boast her em-
 "pire over my heart, founded on virtue
 "and beauty?" Lady Hyndley grew more
 inflamed: "To-morrow, Madam, I must
 "recommend you to your family." Bruce
 was stung at her illiberal use of power:
 "And to-morrow I shall return to Ox-
 "ford." Lady Hyndley retired without
 a reply. Emily, who would not appear to

be sensible of her rudeness, told Bruce that she had written to Lady Bryant, and should have the carriage sent the next morning:

“ My heart is so completely wrung by the

“ gloomy events of these three days, that I

“ shall hardly ever recover that airy mirth

“ which has blessed me in every period of

“ my life. I shall resign myself to sorrow

“ and reflection, and endeavour to retire to

“ the country, where no sounds or sights

“ of pleasure can interrupt my melancholy.

“ I confess to you, my tears will ever flow

“ for the loss of poor Sir Harry; why I so

“ much respect his memory, and why my

“ heart melts into the utmost softness of

“ sorrow at the recollection of him, I

“ know not, unless it is the sense of his

“ unbounded generosity. Think not un-

“ favourably of me for having loved him; I

“ have

“ have often told you it was friendship not
 “ passion.”

Bruce repeated his own ardent protestations : “ I must cease to hear you have so
 “ little regard for yourself and me, as to re-
 “ linquish all in the world that is worth
 “ living for ; would *you* give up society
 “ who have a mind formed for all that is
 “ great and good ? ” —— His passionate vehemence affected her ; she felt returning fondness glide into her soul ; and she at last allowed him to vow eternal bondage to her, and to seal it with a kiss upon her hand. — At that instant the miniature of Sir Harry, which hung at her watch, fell to the ground, and broke. Bruce took it up, and saw her relapsing to her former uncertainty : “ Can
 “ an event so trifling, Madam, have the
 “ power of refuting my sincerity ? ” ——

Emily gazed on the picture without replying; at last she turned to Bruce, and, with a composed air, asked him, "What can make me amends for the loss of such a friend and the injury to such a picture? You cannot answer me—I'll tell you then; let me find in Bruce the man of honour, the tender friend, and the discreet companion, and I shall always estimate his regard as a compensation for every loss and every sorrow." Bruce with great delight acknowledged her goodness.

They now retired, Miss Bryant to her own apartment, and Bruce to Lady Hyndley, whom he found pouting with the sullen discontent of neglected vanity. He turned the conversation on young Forrester, the child of whom he had threatened to undertake

take the care, if her ladyship cast him off. She spoke of him with acrimony: "Do you think it right, George, that thisurchin should be a charge upon me? he will never repay me in any way for the generosity I may shew him."—"Therefore your ladyship seems inclined to keep him clear of ingratitude by never behaving towards him with common charity."—"I wish he was taken away, I cannot bear him, he puts me so much in mind of poor Sir Harry."—"Much as your ladyship hated your husband, I did not think you carried your antipathy so far as to detest the recollection of his image."—"How impertinent you are, George—but I shall dismiss the boy."—"I am sure you cannot be so cruel; he is a fine little rogue; let us send for
E 4 "him."

“him.”——“I won’t—I will not see
 “him.”——Bruce rung the bell, and the
 child was brought into the room; Lady
 Hyndley arose, and was going away, but
 Miss Bryant came in, and Bruce joined
 her in prevailing upon her ladyship to stay.
 The child sat for some time, but without
 speaking; at last Bruce called him: “How
 “should you like to go away from here,
 “and leave us?” The boy lifted up his
 eyes, and, looking earnestly at Lady Hynd-
 ley, he went up to her, and, laying his
 hand on her knee, “I don’t like to leave
 “such a pretty lady as this.” The speech
 operated like electricity upon the *generous*,
 the *beneficent* Lady Hyndley; she took the
 child in her arms, and kissed him with
 rapture: “Don’t fear, my sweet little one,
 “you never shall leave me, I’ll take care
 “of you as long as I live—he is a charm-
 “ing

“ing fine fellow, George ; what eyes he
 “ has, and this chin is quite Sir Harry’s !—
 “ Ah ! I shall love him for poor Sir Harry’s
 “ sake—what have you had for dinner to-
 “ day, my dear !—poor thing ! he looks as
 “ if he had not eat this week ; do ring the
 “ bell, George, let us have tea, and give
 “ him something. Come, my little rogue,
 “ you shall sit in my lap, and I’ll always
 “ be your friend, and you will be my little
 “ companion.”

The excessive fondness which Lady
 Hyndley lavished on the child was scarcely
 credible even to those who beheld it. One
 of the greatest masters of the human heart
 has said, *Nous sommes si accoutumés à nous
 déguiser aux autres, qu’à la fin nous nous
 déguisons à nous mêmes.*

The next day, previous to Emily’s de-
 parture,

parture, Bruce intreated her to let him accompany her to Sir Edward Bryant's. She would not hear of it: "Never, till you
 " have every right over me which my hand
 " can give you, shall you be seen by my
 " family; if they receive you as a man of
 " honour and a man of fortune, they will
 " take care to know that their expectations
 " are well-founded, and I shall have no
 " opportunity of trusting to the purity of
 " your principles or to the ardour of your
 " passion. You will be the choice of my
 " friends, not the choice of my heart; and
 " I shall be considered as a mere wife, who
 " has a right to every pleasure and respect
 " that you can give me. I shall be obliged
 " to advance a claim where I cannot prove
 " a welcome in your mind, and shall become
 " no more than your rector, to take
 " tythes

“ tythes of all you possess and reside in
 “ the parsonage house. This will ren-
 “ der you and myself unworthy in my own
 “ eyes : when I cease to share your affec-
 “ tion, I will cease to deserve it ; and when
 “ I cease to deserve it, I will cease to claim
 “ it. While I am your friend I will treat
 “ you with the sincerity of a wife ; if I am
 “ your wife I will treat you with the ten-
 “ derness of a friend, and thus endeavour
 “ to exalt the character of both.”

Bruce was delighted with her frankness
 and her resolution : he endeavoured to per-
 suade her to marry him instantly, but she
 steadily refused : “ I owe respectful be-
 “ haviour to my friends, and that is all—
 “ but I owe much more to myself. Rec-
 “ titude, propriety, and discretion, are to
 “ be consulted ; they are *my* guardians, and
 “ I shall

"I shall never marry without their consent first had and obtained." Bruce smiled: "You have read *Desdouches*, Madam?"

Emily. Certainly.

B. Do you remember his *Triple Marriage*? It is a very good piece; Isabelle there says to Nérine of her lover, "Je lui
"ai juré de n'épouser jamais que lui."
To which Nérine replies, "Ma foi, Ma-
"demoiselle, il y a long tems que l'amour
"& le mariage ont fait divorce, et qu'ils
"ont juré de n'habiter plus ensemble; je
"compte plus sur leurs sermens que sur les
"votres."

Emily. You are very severe in your application; but it is no new thing for young men to be more humorous than tender. Your vanity, in supposing I should break an oath because I am sincere, has led
you

you into a most capricious inference which no reason can justify. I find I must learn to be less communicative. Now, therefore, we are quits. You have amply repaid my plain dealing, by the severe lesson you teach me to keep every pretended admirer at his proper distance. I make you a low courtesy for your excellent precept, and beg I may not see you often.

B. Every hour of——

Emily. That I may be able to put it in practice—for, to adhere rigidly to your doctrine, I ought never to see you again.

Emily was retiring, but Bruce recanted with so much pleasantry and ardour, that being now invested with the dignity of her serious lover, he *took the oaths and his seat in her heart.*

The resolution of Emily not to admit

Bruce

Bruce at Sir Edward's left him in a state of indeterminate anxiety. He could not bear her absence. She had told him that she should go for a few days to pay a visit in the country to one of her friends, Mrs. Ellyson. He was earnest to shew some new proof of his attachment, but he declined mentioning his intentions to Miss Bryant. He had informed her that he must return to Oxford the next morning, and he now repeated his declaration, adding, that he should fondly hope for a speedy interview with her, perhaps at Lady Hyndley's. On the ensuing day they parted; Miss Bryant returned to Sir Edward's, and in the evening set off to K. Mrs. Ellyson's house in the country.

Previous to Emily's departure, she again exerted her natural benevolence. To Lady
Hyndley

Hyndley she presented very valuable and elegant gifts, which she had bespoken for that purpose some time before. Her ladyship could hardly endure the acceptance of them, but the graceful charm with which Emily offered them, overcame her ladyship's aversion. To little Forrester, the new acquaintance at this house, who had been well educated in the days of his mother's prosperity, she gave some proper donations, which were handsome testimonies to his merit. Her ladyship and the whole family were astonished at her profusion and generosity: "Why do you do this, Miss Bryant? What claims have we in your opinion to the effusions of a liberality, which leads you to lavish these presents with such noble prodigality?"—"My respect, Madam, rather let me say my esteem,

" esteem, my affection for the memory of
 " Sir Harry, (and let me declare it with-
 " out offending your ladyship) will induce
 " me, through my life, to behave to his
 " friends and relations with solicitous en-
 " dearment: my tears will ever stream at
 " remembering the wretched termination
 " of his existence, and my heart will ever
 " glow with gratitude at the recollection of
 " the disinterested partiality by which he
 " attached me to his interests. He was a
 " munificent benefactor, prodigal in his
 " bounties to me; accepted by all my
 " family as one of my first friends; autho-
 " rised by their most unlimited regard, and
 " deserving every encomium from me by
 " the strength and the perpetuity of his
 " kindness: these are motives to gratitude;
 " but my heart seems to tell me, that even
 " had

“had he never been so partial to me, I
 “must yet have loved him with tenderness
 “and with propriety, with invariable innocence and unequalled fervour.”

Lady Hyndley said no more ; the gifts of Emily softened her antipathy, and the manner in which she now addressed her had such an appearance of sincerity, that she could not help hoping she spoke truth. The servants, Miss Bryant, rewarded for their attention to her with the same dignity of beneficence ; and, when she quitted Lady Hyndley’s house, carried with her the blessings and the admiration of every inmate.

Bruce took his leave, for a short time, of Lady Hyndley ; he recommended the child once more in a very pathetic manner, and promised her ladyship to revisit London shortly. He then departed, as she imagined,

gined, to Oxford, but really to the house of a friend, who assisted him in an important undertaking he had in view.

Bruce had been enamoured of many women yet had never before been sensible to a solid attachment. The dangers to which he was liable, from being discovered by Lady Hyndley, lost all their terror on the present occasion; and it was only his fear of being known to the friends of Emily, that urged him to seek the shelter of a disguise, by means of which he could remain concealed, and at the same time enjoy frequently the company of Miss Bryant. Love, the creator of all artifice, at last suggested to him the disguise of a footman, in which character he determined to offer his services to Sir Edward Bryant, who had discharged one a few days before.

None of the family knew him; Emily would, doubtless, for her own sake, assist the deception; and no difficulty occurred but the want of a recommendation from some former master. He immediately applied to his friend Orford, who had been a partner with him in many airy frolics. The proposal charmed a young man of less invention and of as much gaiety as Bruce. He sat down instantly, wrote a long letter to Sir Edward, and another to Lady Bryant, wherein he strained every epithet to exalt his friend's talents for the office he wished to fill: he repeated the most ardent declarations of that regard which he had so often professed for the family, and as a proof, recommended to them an excellent young man, the bearer, who was *formed to serve them*.

F 2

Colonel

Colonel Orford was one of the most dissipated characters that blazed in the circles of fashionable splendour; yet he was a libertine, not from inclination but, from youthful vanity and habitual excess. He naturally abhorred dissipation of every kind, yet a false disdain of domestic virtues and rational amusements had plunged him into an early course of unceasing debauchery. He was often drunk, though he detested wine: he kept a mistress, to whose charms he was not insensible; but the dread of being thought constant, even to *her*, had frequently united him to the most elegant in high life and to the most despicable in the lower class of unfortunate women. He gamed deep; and, as he won without pleasure, he lost without anger. The brilliancy of his dress, the politeness of his manners, and the magnificence

significence of his equipage, had secured him a place in the exalted circles, which are often ignorantly censured by those who cannot approach them, without being sincerely applauded by those who can.

Such was the assistant of Bruce in his present undertaking. A plain suit of cloaths being provided, he waited on Lady Bryant; and, after a few interrogations, was ordered to come to his place the next day.

Bruce's romantic disposition was every way gratified in the pursuit of this scheme. He was wrapped in the contemplation of his approaching triumph all the way to Colonel Orford's, and as he went along, ran against three posts, jostled a couple of porters, and overset an old lady, in the "cogit-
"bundity of his cogitations." He antici-

pated all those events which are governed by improbability, and foresaw the issue of every circumstance, and the train of every success, which *could not* possibly happen.

“ While I am in the humble situation
 “ which awaits me, I shall not only indulge
 “ my enthusiasm in the cause of love but my
 “ raptures also in the service of friendship : I
 “ shall superadd, to the glory of gaining my
 “ mistress, the satisfaction of making new
 “ friends, a business which does honour to
 “ the man of benevolence and the man of
 “ the world. These friends too, whom I
 “ gain in an humble station, will be of the
 “ noblest kind. They will be faithful and
 “ disinterested ; I shall have the best oppor-
 “ tunity of trying their zeal and of proving
 “ their steadiness. Thus forming intima-
 “ cies

"cies, as no man ever did before, I shall
 "not be indebted to sordid views for *their*
 "attachment to me. The world will now
 "learn, that there still exists, in its full vi-
 "gour, and in its most splendid colours,
 "the lofty sentiment of generous regard,
 "and how much I have deserved esteem
 "will be manifest by my success in secur-
 "ing it." These were the self-complacent
 reflections of Bruce, as he left Lady
 Bryant's. In the same strain of wild
 imagination he raised ideal and indissoluble
 fabrics of friendship in his conversation
 with Orford, who smiled at his oddity and
 pitied his inexperience. Bruce, like a true
 Quixote, listened to no objections against
 the indulgence of his sanguine hopes; in his
 defence, we may remember that Crebillon

has faid, " Les leçons et les examplès font
 " peu de choses pour un jeune homme, et
 " ce n'est jamais qu' à ses depens qu'il
 " s'instruit*."

* Les Egaremens du Cœur & de l' Esprit.

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

Sur cet exemple, on peut ici m'en croire ;
 Trop de talens, trop de succès flatteurs
 Traînent souvent la ruine des mœurs.

GRESSET.—Ver. Vert.

WHEN Bruce arose the next morning, and prepared for his departure, Orford informed him, that he had the day before called at Lady Hyndley's; that she was going to set off for the country without delay; that she intended to write a letter to Bruce as soon as she arrived there, and that she had, the day he called, sent young Forrester to a school at some distance from town, where, however, she did not intend he should remain, as she was grown

grown so fond of the child, it was impossible to part with him. She extolled him to the Colonel with unwearied praise : “ He is so pretty ; he has so many winning ways, “ and above all, though so young a child, “ he has the sense, Colonel, to enter deep “ into my character, for he never thinks of “ me but kindly ; and he lisps his dear little “ praises so naturally !—he is a charming “ child ; and if he goes on as well as he “ promises, we may hope from him every “ thing great and good.”

Bruce departed, and arrived at Sir Edward Bryant’s. His first object was to inquire after his Emily ; he was informed that she was gone to K. the residence of her friend Mrs. Ellyson and was to return very soon. He then inquired into the characters of the family ; and, cultivating an intimacy

intimacy with Lewston, who was woman to Lady Bryant, he obtained the following information.

Sir Edward was a character not often seen. He was very facetious. Ever ready to be entertained by his friends, and contributed largely to their merriment : but he had a most dangerous talent ; his love of ridicule was not professed. Disguised by a perpetual appearance of kindness, no one suspected that his great aim, in the cultivation of his friendships, was to exhibit, with treacherous skill, those deformities which disfigure the surface of every character in a greater or less degree. He had the art of soothing every body's failings, and extolling their absurdities, that he might obtain the *full length* of every folly, out of which he drew a fund of humour for the amusement
of

of the table. These perfidious blandishments were often happily exerted upon the most wise and the most gigantic minds; for as they were conscious of their own powers, they little suspected any one watched their intellectual blemishes with a daring and satirical merriment. Sir Edward had many friends and an unbounded acquaintance. A smooth address, a polished behaviour, and a countenance, which had been *drilled* at his entrance into life, and exercised in all the *evolutions* of attractive pleasantries and amiable benignity, fascinated those who were exposed to the derision of the spectators by his insidious mirth. He was a convivial basilisk, who attracted only to destroy.

Lady Bryant was an elegant woman. Her dress was the great object of her affections,

sions, and so powerfully was she attached to the Deity of fashion, that every passion and foible was concentrated in perpetual obedience to his dictates. Of such a woman I shall not now say much; she is a common character, but not to be despised for these propensities. Whoever renders themselves and the world more agreeable than they were are entitled to a very great portion of popular applause.

Emily and a son were the descendants of this family. Mr. Bryant had his mother's fondness for splendour, without his father's admiration for wit. He was very polite, for he would always laugh at a jest without requiring it to be explained, a condescension which often laid the relater under some obligation. Mr. Bryant's mouth was indeed perpetually "*ajar*." He was perfectly
good-

good-natured. He would, at the cost of others, eat with anybody, drink with anybody, game with anybody, and do any thing with anybody. His constitution would have been early sacrificed to his facility of temper, and his estate, perhaps, spent before he came to it, but one trait in his disposition carried an antidote to all ruinous excesses ; for, of his friends, no one accused him of that pernicious brilliancy of expence or those powers of entertainment, which allure and enchain a company to the utter ruin of their possessor. Mr. Bryant was therefore only invited when he was thought of. The young men of spirit found him too penurious, and the young men of gaiety too dull, for their society. His chief associates were the *mere* women of fashion, whose insipid minds established a reciprocal security

security from every possible danger. With all this, his friend Temple declared, that Mr. Bryant once said a *good thing*; for, to the astonishment of every one—he said grace at dinner.

On the ensuing morning, Bruce and another servant attended Lady Bryant to pay visits. The first house they went to was an ill omen for Bruce. They stopped at Mrs. Sydney's, who was one of Bruce's most intimate friends, a woman from whom he had received many favours, and whose assistance he had some thoughts of soliciting on the subject of Miss Bryant. Mrs. Sydney had a large fortune, and was rather advanced in years. Among many good qualities, which rendered her truly amiable, she was principally beloved for her excessive zeal in promoting the happiness of young

young people, without patronizing their vices. She often inveighed against the cruelty and oppression with which the old rule the young, descanted very largely upon the envious jealousy with which they denied pleasures to youth, because they themselves were unable to partake of them. She frequently declared, that her mind should never be out of its *teens*; that she looked upon herself as bound in duty, for the honour of *age*, to shew the world that some people might be *old* and *human* at the same time, and to prove to them that there was not so much disgrace in a second childhood, provided the last infancy was nourished by the *milk of human kindness*. Such a woman was a proper person for Bruce to apply to in his late exigency; but the present scheme had rendered it unnecessary.

• Lady

Lady Bryant stayed but a short time, and then drove to Lady Warynton's, where, while the servants waited, Lord W. came out. He looked at Bruce with some earnestness, and then asked him if he was not the new servant lately come from Col. Oxford to Lady Bryant? Bruce replied in the affirmative; and Lord W. desiring to speak to him, he followed to the dressing-room; where, cautiously shutting the door, Lord W. began.

Ld. W. My honest friend, I have heard such an account of your skill and fidelity from your late master, who would never, I assure you, have parted with you but to oblige Sir Edward Bryant, that I am induced to rely upon your kindness and conduct in an affair of great importance. If I find I can depend upon you, promise yourself

VOL. I.

G

every

every recompence my generosity can bestow, for, I never refuse to pay well, if I am served with integrity.

Br. The report of your lordship's liberality is not new to me. Fame has almost done justice to your high ideas and to your perpetual display of true nobility; I shall think myself gratified in the opportunity of shewing my respect for your character. To the sacred and so often abused title of *friend*, I can never hope to lay claim; it will be enough for me to possess the luxury of reflecting what an amicable sincerity might have been interwoven between our minds, had we been born equal.

Ld. W. Upon my word, you speak incomparably, for a fellow in your station. Where did you come from? I fancy you must have received a decent education.

Br. The

Br. The great lesson, my lord, which I have learned, has been to make myself useful. To cultivate the seeds of activity, fidelity, and attachment, which I early discovered in my own heart. A young lad, who has to make his way in the world, needs every requisite of diligence and prudence. I wish I could add to the present little stock of merit, which your lordship is pleased to estimate so highly, the pleasure of serving you in any undertaking with zeal and readiness.

Ld. W. You astonish me ! why you are just the person I wanted.—But I am so overwhelmed with surprise at your elevated sentiments, and the propriety of your address, that I can scarcely believe what I hear.

G 2

Br.

Br. I am sorry for that, my lord, for I speak sincerely.

Ld. W. I do not doubt it; but I mean, 'tis melancholy for you to be in such a situation as your present one, with the abilities which you possess.

Br. I prefer my present situation to all others, my lord. I see the world; I have little trouble; and while I am treated with kindness, I shall never regret the prosperity which I see others in possession of. I am under many obligations to fortune; for, instead of giving me a mass of wealth, she has bestowed upon me the means of enjoyment.

Ld. W. And a philosopher too! This is the most extraordinary instance of fortune's caprice that I ever beheld—but we
have

have not now time to inquire about it. I see you have every excellence that I can wish for, and therefore I scruple not to tell you, you may look upon me as your friend. Here is a letter which I wish to have conveyed with all possible care, speed, and secrecy, to the place of its address. I hope you know your business, your interest, and my power to serve you, too well to betray me. I am equally amazed and delighted at your discourse; and, when I have more leisure, shall be very glad to hear your history, and to know if I can render you any solid service. In the mean time, there are five guineas, as a pledge of my future favour.

Dr. No, my lord, you must excuse me if I decline your generous offer. I am a perfect stranger to you, and you cannot

tell of what value or unimportance may be my endeavours to acquit myself to your satisfaction. I will not abuse your bounty, by receiving a donation before I have deserved it. When I have executed your commission, and you have reason to commend me, I shall think myself amply recompensed by the honour of your praises.

Ld. W. By Heaven, you're a noble fellow ! Well, my good friend, I am almost ashamed of not having paid a worthier tribute to your merit, in a more decent way. I sincerely beg your pardon, and shall seek an opportunity to make amends for my deficiency. There is the letter ; it is for Miss Meredyth ; she lives in * * Street, Portman Square. If you can contrive to leave it before six, and bring me an answer, your whole commission will be fully executed ;
and

and I'll meet you at night at Mrs. Ruelle's in Dover Street.

Lady Bryant's carriage was now called; Bruce therefore quitted the room and soon after went away with her ladyship. They reached Sir Edward's before four, and Bruce was then luckily dispatched with some notes to that part of the town where Miss Meredyth resided. He went to the house; and, after waiting some time for an answer to Lord W.'s letter, he was ordered to come up stairs. A servant shewed him into a room where Miss Meredyth sat. She was a most beautiful woman, of five and twenty, elegantly dressed; and in her eyes were blended such a mixture of vivacity and tenderness, that their power was irresistible: "Do you live with Lord Warynton?"

Br. No, Madam, I live with Sir Edward Bryant; but have the honour of being employed by Lord Warynton on this occasion.

Miss M. You was ordered to wait for an answer?

Br. Certainly, Madam. I presume you are too well acquainted with the impatient disposition of Lord Warynton not to suppose that he ordered me to wait.

Miss M. Bless me! he had more sense than to mention the contents of his silly letter to any body, I hope?

Br. Upon no account, Madam—upon no account in the world—for it was impossible that any body could guess them.

Miss M. I fancy you would smile now, if you dared; and truly I could not blame you. I suppose you are his confidant?

Br.

Br. I dare not boast so much, Madam ; for I have not earned his unlimited frankness.

Miss M. Is this the first embassy of the kind in which he has employed you ?

Br. Upon my honour it is—and perhaps, Madam, it will be the last.

Miss M. I hope so, for his own sake. There is an answer, it is very short—but it is the last I shall write.

Br. May I presume to request, Madam, that the answer shall be such as will afford him some pleasure ? I should be very unwilling to be the messenger of unpleasant news.

Miss M. How, are you interested in it ?

Br. No further than as I am influenced by my very great respect for Lord Warynton.

Miss

Miss M. I never desire to hear any thing about Lord Warynton ; and I should think myself indebted to you, if you would for the future decline bringing me any letters or messages from him.

Br. I never before, Madam, was so cruelly situated. His lordship's kindness to me has been so great, I think myself every way obliged to exert myself in his service ; and, I confess, till now never thought it difficult to obey him. Permit me to say, that when he gave me the billet, which I just brought, it was with an air of so much truth and tenderness, that I did not doubt his success, in whatever it contained, before I saw you—and still less afterwards.

Miss M. You plead his cause very well. Who taught you to speak so much
above

above your station? You must have had an able teacher.

Br. Indeed I had, Madam ; but names are sacred. I shall have a much higher opinion both of the instructor and the pupil, if I can prevail upon you to send his lordship a gentle answer.

Miss M. Who are you? Have you lived long with Sir Edward?

Br. Two days, Madam.

Miss M. Your history must be interesting. I wonder by what strange fatality you have been so misplaced in the world. To a person of your sagacity, such a situation must be truly mortifying. Have you no prospect of raising yourself to a more eligible rank?

Br. Why should I, Madam? That post, which gives me the opportunity of ac-
cess

cess to so lovely a woman as Miss Meredyth, can have no circumstances, however disagreeable, which are not easily borne. But, the truth is, that the condition of a lacquais has ten thousand advantages which I may say our superiors never attain to. In the first place, we are often at the tables of the great; and some among us have the ear of the leading men in this country.

Miss M. What, the men of fashion?

Br. No, Ma'am, those are the *led* men; I mean the men in power—But, I beg pardon, I should have mentioned first, a much more important advantage—we are always near the ladies, the contemplation of whose beauty mitigates many difficulties and many sorrows.

Miss M. I should rather imagine you must be frequently mortified, if you have
the

the sensibility to be touched by beauties, which you can never possess.

Br. Pardon me, Madam ; there are some women whose portraits are inimitably fine, but who are obscured by a want of interest in the countenance—there are others indeed——Here he sighed, and looked on the ground ; Miss Meredyth replied, “ Well, what of those others ? How do they differ ? ”

Br. In the radiance which their minds communicate to their eyes, and that delightful illumination and intelligence which are diffused through their countenances.

Miss M. Then the sex seems to be divided between light and shade.

Br. I never presume, Madam, to judge decisively. I am too young, and ought to be too diffident of my own discernment, to
form

form an opinion, which a glance from a beautiful woman may destroy in an instant.

Miss M. And, do you never venture to form any opinion of the sex, then?

Br. Yes, Madam, one invariable decision—that they can be judged of by no general rule.

Miss M. This is rude, Sir—your good sense might have taught you better, and your good manners should have deterred you from giving a verdict you cannot support. Your vanity has been excited by some unexpected, perhaps some unmerited honour; and you suffer a vanity, which might be turned to your advantage, to be misled by your spleen.

Br. Spleen, Madam, I have none—Vanity I have much, and I never found it
dangerously

dangerously gratified till now. Your solicitude to hear my opinion made you forget the inconvenience of sincerity. I will make any apologies for daring to be ingenuous and must submit to your severe censure of my inability to deceive you.

Bruce here made a very graceful bow, and was retiring, when Miss Meredyth, with a blush, called him back.

Miss M. I beg your pardon for what I said, and for seeming more interested in your story than it was possible I could be. If my respect for Lord Warynton led me to be candid to his ambassador, I may escape reproof without the charge even of impropriety.

Br. You charm me, Madam, by your good opinion of his lordship; and I shall take particular care to convince him how

sensible you are of his merit. He will be delighted at the success of my embassy, since I have obtained for him—what I could not procure for myself—your good opinion.

Miss M. Nay, nay—do not run away in an error and mislead your employer—I never intend to see Lord Warynton; and, I request you, if he asks your opinion on the probability of his success, that you will tell him so. You seem not to be acquainted with either my situation in life or my principles of action. I am a woman born to be swayed by passion and prepossession. The tenderest and the softest impulse of the heart is mingled with all my ideas of pleasure and plans of happiness. Fond and luxurious, I have yet neither injustice nor arrogance: it is my error to yield to the first emotions excited by love and to acknowledge

knowledge an impression even from an inferior—but I will never sacrifice myself to the importunity of those who have higher duties and superior claims.

A soft effusion upon her cheeks, excited by a mixture of shame and passion, conferred new beauty upon the charms of Miss Meredyth ; she walked to the window, and Bruce, who was never at a loss, replied immediately :

Br. You honour me, Madam, by your noble frankness, which I, so much your inferior, have no right to expect. I applaud that spirit of integrity and independence which enables you to pursue your own pleasure, without being gratified at the expence of your equity, or the peace of others. What shall I say to Lord Warynton ? Will he not suspect me of neglecting the charge

VOL. I.

H

I have -

I have received? I fear I shall incur his resentment.

Miss M. You ought, for you see his lordship has the gallantry to be in fear of incurring mine.

Br. I feel your reproach very sensibly—but I dare not be my own interpreter, and still more I fear to be your's.

Miss M. These fears may increase, and I never wish to be the cause of such unpleasant sensations. The whimsical pride of hiding your penetration ill suits with the high ideas that might be formed of your generosity at first seeing you. I am sorry that I have so far forgot what is due to you, and what is due to myself. You could hardly, therefore, wonder if I hinted to you, that no message from Lord Warynton can be agreeable to me, and that his

messengers must have politeness and good sense, at least equal to your perverseness, before I can receive them with friendly confidence.

Br. I can bear any evil, Madam, but your displeasure.

A servant now entered the room and announced Mr. Aigrette the jeweller: "Tell him," said Miss M. "that I am engaged at present, but that I will send to him to-day."

The servant retired. Miss Meredyth paused a few minutes, and then unlocking a drawer, took out a *fausse-montre*: "In your way home, oblige me by leaving this at Aigrette's; he is to return a *cas-ket*, which I shall thank you for bringing to me any time to-morrow, but deliver it into no hands except my own."

H 2.

Bruce

Bruce readily promised to obey her; he asked if she had any further commands:

"I have no right to command," replied Miss Meredyth, "where neither condensation nor influence are acknowledged.

"You boast of being a servant to Lord Warynton as well as to Sir Edward Bryant, and who would quit the service or the interests of two such men?"——

"How am I to understand you, Madam?——" "You are in great haste!—but, however, let me see you to-morrow."——

Bruce added a final obeisance and withdrew. "What a singular woman!" he reflected as he returned from her: "She is exquisitely beautiful! I believe, (Emily forgive me!) I believe I sighed—did I sigh?—and if I did, what then? I am too much attached to Emily to suspect myself

"self

“ self—but I am to call again to-morrow—
 “ to what end? She is very pretty—but
 “ what is that to me—I am only plenipo.
 “ from Lord Warynton—but then I have
 “ declined all mercenary advantages, and
 “ in love I ought to do so—I’ll ask Miss
 “ Meredyth’s opinion of it—she may per-
 “ haps recompense my fidelity and disin-
 “ tereſtedneſs—and it ſhould be requited
 “ with ſomething more than praiſe. How I
 “ wander, but—‘ *L’amour n’eſt qu’iſluſion ; il*
 ‘ *ſe fait pour ainſi dire un autre univers ; il*
 ‘ *s’entoure d’objets qui ne ſont point, ou auxquels*
 ‘ *lui ſeul a donné l’être : et comme il rend tous*
 ‘ *ſes ſentimens en images, ſon langage eſt tou-*
 ‘ *jours figuré.*’ ”

ROUSSEAU, *Heloïſe.*



H 3

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

“ It falls out, very often, that, in moral questions, the
 “ philosophers in the gown and in the livery differ
 “ not so much in their sentiments as in their language,
 “ and have equal power of discerning right, though
 “ they cannot point it out to others with equal ad-
 “ dress.”

THE RAMBLER, N^o 68.

IT was half past six before Bruce arrived at Dover-street. When he entered Mrs. Ruelle's house, he was desired to walk into a room, where Lord Warynton presently came to him: “ Well, my
 “ ingenious philosopher, have you succeeded
 “ ed in delivering my letter? Was she at
 “ home and in a good humour? But per-
 “ haps you did not see her.” Bruce gave the reply from Miss Meredyth with a smile.

His

His lordship opened it, and read with astonishment the following words, which he then repeated to Bruce : “ Your lordship knows
 “ my principles and my errors ; if I have not
 “ been delicate and lofty in my sentiments
 “ of love, I have been invariably governed
 “ in the choice of my companions by opi-
 “ nions in some degree honourable. I
 “ have before told you, that as I am at my
 “ own disposal, I will follow the dictates of
 “ a heart which has yet been depraved by
 “ only one failing. I never will receive
 “ the addresses of a married man, nor add
 “ to the list of my offences the crime of
 “ destroying the honour and happiness of a
 “ whole family. I must decline permitting
 “ any farther importunities from a man
 “ whom every tie of probity, generosity,
 “ and propriety forbids me to listen to.”

H 4

“ And

“And was this all you could do for me? Inexorable woman!—I would give my life and fortune for her favours.”

Br. She wishes your lordship very well; and you find that her regard for your character and her own, is an insurmountable bar to your seeing her.

Ld. W. What can she mean? a woman with such fine libertine principles as she has always professed, would scorn the vulgar squeamish affectation of a narrow-minded girl.

Br. I must say there is great honour, my Lord, in her rejecting your offers, because you are married. She seems a very extraordinary creature, and, no doubt, piques herself upon being no one's enemy but her own.

Ld. W. I wish I had never seen her.

Indeed,

Indeed, my friend, you must go to her for me once more—to-morrow you shall have another note; I cannot give her up, it is impossible. You are willing to serve me in this business, and since you have professed your zeal, prove it by your success.

Br. To-morrow, my Lord, I will certainly attend you again.

Ld. W. Will you do me the favour to call a coach? Bruce obeyed, the coach was called, and he retired. When he reached Sir Edward's he was reprimanded by Lady Bryant for his lingering on his messages. Mrs. Lewiston, her woman, who was present, mentioned that he had been at the same time employed by her, and took great pains to exonerate Bruce from her ladyship's displeasure. As he came down stairs, Mrs. Lewiston followed him:

“ I was

“ I was very glad, James, that I happened
 “ to be in the way when my lady was angry;
 “ I hate words, and you may always depend
 “ upon me to get you out of a scrape.” Bruce
 thanked her, and she proceeded: “ Will
 “ you sup with me to-night in my room?
 “ Do; I shall have a friend just to pick a
 “ bit, and we may have a nice evening.
 “ My lady and Sir Edward will be out, so
 “ we shall hardly be wanted; do, let us,
 “ James—pray why can’t we keep life and
 “ soul together as well as our betters? and
 “ I assure you we will have a nice evening.
 “ —Mrs. Honour, in Tom Jones, had
 “ often a nice evening; and Mrs. Slip-
 “ flop, in one of ’Squire Richardson’s stories
 “ —let me see which was it—ay, God’s
 “ Revenge against Adultery—ay, there
 “ was another nice evening—and we’ll
 “ have

“ have one too. You see I have been edu-
 “ cated, James—I’ve read—yes, a many
 “ books—I have been a great reader in my
 “ time : I subscribed for a month to a cir-
 “ culating library ; and I read a volume of
 “ *Mr. Shandy’s Travels*—and I read the
 “ *Adventures of a Pump*—and the *Memoirs*
 “ *of an old Hat*, and the *Life of Peter the*
 “ *Postman*, and half a volume of the *For-*
 “ *tunate Fool*, and a chapter in the *Civility*
 “ *of Sentiment*, and —

Bruce, who became stunned by her cla-
 morous enumeration of what she had read,
 replied with a smile : “ I dare say, Mrs.
 “ Lewiston, you have employed the leisure
 “ you have occasionally found very pro-
 “ perly ; and indeed the elegant choice of
 “ your favourite authors convinces me of
 “ your distinguished taste. I shall, without
 “ doubt, hasten to join your agreeable
 “ party

“ party of this evening, but must beg your
 “ excuse at present, as I am to attend my
 “ lady to the Opera.” The arrival of
 Colonel Orford, and the duties of his office,
 terminated this conference. The Colonel
 found an opportunity of speaking to Bruce:
 “ I perceive here have been many remarks
 “ made upon your conduct; Lady Bryant
 “ says there is something so uncommonly
 “ refined in your discourse and your man-
 “ ners, that she cannot imagine where you
 “ have been bred. She likes you very
 “ much, but your misdemeanour of this
 “ evening must be repaired by double dili-
 “ gence for the future, since I perceive her
 “ favour is easily gained and easily lost.
 “ Sir Edward is a very easy man to serve;
 “ and if you can find any opportunity to be
 “ witty, he will adore you. I have been
 “ enquiring

“ enquiring about Emily ; she is to return
 “ soon. When she comes make yourself
 “ known to her, and endeavour to prevail
 “ upon her to fly immediately : at my
 “ house in the country you shall find an
 “ asylum. I must caution you to beware
 “ of Lady Bryant ; she is jealous of her
 “ daughter’s personal attractions, and would
 “ not endure that she should have any
 “ influence even over her domestics.” ——
 “ You would not censure me,” said Bruce,
 “ if you knew the unaccountable adventure
 “ I have had ; pray tell me did you ever
 “ hear of a Miss Meredyth, who lives in
 “ *** street ?” —— “ I recollect the name ;
 “ and now it occurs to me that I heard
 “ her mentioned in a whisper one day lately
 “ to Lord Warynton, by a young fellow
 “ whom I meet there sometimes ; his name
 “ is

“ is Evelyne : if you can contrive to be
 “ present the next time he is with his lord-
 “ ship, where he frequently visits, you may
 “ obtain some information from him.”

Bruce then gave him an account of the events in that day. Orford became curious for a further knowledge of Miss Meredyth, and promised to bring Mr. Evelyne to Lord Warynton's, if he could meet him as if by chance the next morning. “ Evelyne is very communicative, and desires
 “ nothing more than to oblige a friend : he
 “ is patronised by Lord Warynton with so
 “ much real regard, that he is anxious for
 “ every opportunity to serve his lordship's
 “ acquaintance. He is a new character,
 “ and worth your seeing.”

The carriage now set off for the Opera with Lady Bryant, Sir Edward, Mr. Bryant,
 ant,

ant, and Colonel Orford, attended by Bruce, and John another servant. When they were set down, John turned to Bruce: "I don't know how you may find yourself, Master James, but I am plaguy hot with my ride; come, I'll go and dip my beak into a bottle, and I dare say if you do the same none will go the wrong way." Bruce, who determined to see as much of the world as his present situation afforded, willingly accepted the invitation. "Where do we go? To the next house?"—"No," replied John, "I was minded to go to the *Rainbow* in *** street, for at the Golden Goat the company is too low for any genteel person." Bruce, smiling at his delicacy, asked him if the *Rainbow* then was frequented

quented only by people of the *first rank*?

——“ No one comes there but with their

“ own carriage—we don’t admit *hackney*

“ comers.—If a servant was to come who

“ had only attended a hack, we should

“ take his number, and oust him immedi-

“ ately—No, the peers, people of fortune,

“ and professions, are the only members of

“ our society, and no new one can be ad-

“ mitted without the consent of the whole

“ club—a visiter now and then is received,

“ but then he must treat the company if he

“ is inferior. The Prince of Wales’s or

“ any *royal* servant may be admitted an ho-

“ norary member ; for whatever people may

“ say, Master James, there is nothing like

“ blood, and none despise it but those who

“ are of low origin. We all stick very

“ strictly

“ strictly to our rules, and keep the society very sacred.—Such are the conditions at the Rainbow.”

Br. “ The Rainbow ; ” — ay, that’s where servants stand at *livery*.

They now arrived at the house, and John going up to the bar, addressed the girl, who was very pretty, “ Well, *Nina*, “ who’s come ? a great many are expected ; “ you know Saturday is always Opera and “ club-night, but at present there are only “ *The Busy Body*, *George Barnwell*, *The “ Midsummer Night’s Dream*, *Seduction*, “ and his brother *Such Things are*—there’s “ *Hamlet* just coming in at the door—and “ —who’s that ? — Lord bless me ! I “ vow it’s the *Agreeable Surprise*—that dear “ little fellow whom we have not had so “ long ; I am glad to see him here again.”

VOL. I.

I

She

She went to the two men who entered,
 and John turning to Bruce, desired him to
 walk up: " You are to know, Mr. James,
 " that there is a little secret I must treat
 " you with before we go in : all our club,
 " when we first formed ourselves, were at
 " a loss how to distinguish one member
 " from another. The names John, Dick,
 " Harry, Thomas, might often clash, as
 " there might be many of the same name
 " in company. As to our *surnames*, many
 " of us hardly knew 'em ourselves. To
 " take the names of our masters was not
 " agreeable, for, you know, it has been
 " made the subject of laughter so much,
 " that we disdained running the same
 " risque again. While we were in this
 " state of doubt, I met with a clever young
 " dog, who lives servant with Miss Ben-
 " wal,

“wal, an acquaintance of my lady’s; he;
 “ Sir, had been a strolling player, and he
 “ put us in the head to name every mem-
 “ ber by the name of some good acting
 “ play, according to his own manners, dis-
 “ position, or rank in life; we hit upon the
 “ scheme, and it answers vastly well—so
 “ you must not wonder if you hear us call
 “ each other by odd names.”

Br. I hope the young fellow, who was
 so lucky as to give you a hint for proper
 epithets for each member, was amply re-
 compensated in return.

“*John.* Will you credit it! I never could
 get him made member of the society—and
 indeed who could expect it? We could
 not, you know, admit a fellow who had
 been a strolling player into such a meeting
 as our’s. No, he dines with us now and

then, and we have the greatest esteem for him possible—but he cannot rank with us.

They now entered the room—John went up to one of them: “Friend Barn-
 “well, how is it with you?—tip us your
 “hand, my little master.—Well, my boys,
 “I have brought you a brother to peep
 “on us for the night—there he is—I am
 “sorry, faith, that you’re not all here, I
 “mean to propose him as a member—in-
 “deed we don’t like to increase our num-
 “ber; but, hang it, for a friend.”——
 “Ah, friend Macbeth, friend Macbeth,”
 rejoined the other——“sad news, Mac-
 “beth! sad news indeed!”——“What
 “the plague’s the matter?”——“The
 “poor *Deuce is in him* is dead.”——“Is
 “he, faith?—poor *Deuce is in him!* is it
 “true?——Yes, too true; his flambeaux
 “went

“ went out last night—turned out of the
 “ world at a minute’s warning, and I don’t
 “ think he’ll meet with such a good place
 “ there as he had here—great wages and
 “ little to do—never obliged to go out
 “ with the carriage—no, he’ll find no such
 “ place again.” ——“ What did he die of?”
 ——“ Ah! don’t mention it! the poor fel-
 “ low died of a rout—carrying invitations
 “ from her ladyship he took a fever, and
 “ quitted the service.—But come, let us
 “ have more of this port—pretty good is n’t
 “ it, Macbeth?——So, here’s some more
 “ of us coming.”——John and Bruce sat
 down, and, as the rest of the members en-
 tered, John told him their names: “ You
 “ see the smart fellow that’s coming in now,
 “ with his hair well dressed, and a very good
 “ pair of eyes, which he is always rolling
 “ about;

"about; he is perpetually ogling the
 "wenches—his name is *King Leer*. He
 "that follows is the son of a cabinet-maker
 "who broke; he lives with Lord Lively,
 "and takes his place here under the name
 "of *The Upholsterer*.—There comes a fo-
 "reign fellow, that serves Lord Muskall;
 "he imports every year large quantities of
 "essences and perfumes of every sort from
 "Italy—he is the *Merchant of Venice*."——
 "Really," interrupted Bruce, "you seem to
 "be quite master of the subject; you have
 "adapted these names very skilfully—I pre-
 "sume some of your club read."—"Some
 "few—there are about five or six of us
 "who are dabs at scholarship—all these read
 "you every play and poem as they come
 "out—but we begin to think of leaving it
 "off, for it grows damned vulgar: our
 "masters

“masters and mistresses have disdained the
 “thing a long time—when they threw it
 “off, we took it up; but it is really be-
 “come so very ungenteel, that I think (as
 “we are sometimes obliged in the way of
 “our profession to handle the pen) the ris-
 “ing generation of footmen must hit upon
 “a scheme for learning to write, without
 “ever degrading themselves by learning to
 “read.”

Another party now entered:—“That
 “chap in the blue and white livery trim-
 “med with silver lace,” said John, “is a
 “devilish shrewd lad; he assisted *Sir Grctna*
 “*Green* in carrying off the great Welch
 “heirefs, and has done a vast deal of business
 “in that way—he is here known as *The*
 “*Beaux Stratagem*: he is growing rich,
 “and I fancy will soon resign.—The mid-

“dle-aged man is one that’s always ripe
 “with some comical story, with which he
 “sometimes keeps our society upon the
 “roar for a whole night; his name is *I’ll*
 “tell you what.—That one entering with
 “the bottle in his hand, is the purveyor of
 “our liquors; he was butler to *Count*
 “*Quaff*, and understands wine amazingly
 “well—he is *The Critic*.”—A brisk, jovial
 fellow now entered: “Ah, my hearts,
 “are you all here?—Come, a proposal to
 “you—and I shall make it with dry lips,
 “for damme if I’ll kiss the cup till I have
 “your agreements;—Here’s the poor
 “*Deuce is in him* gone dead—turned the
 “corner, and so forth; he has left his wife
 “without much money—what say you, my
 “merry men all? Suppose we kick up a
 “little for the poor woman, without leav-
 “ing

“ing her to the mortification of applying
 “to the *charitable and humane and those*
 “*whom Heaven has blessed with affluence.*”

The motion was received with much
 applause; and these good fellows, with a
 benevolence which would have done hon-
 our to the noblest station, collected a large
 sum for the widow of their late compa-
 nion.

Bruce now took his leave. He had be-
 held a proof of exalted generosity in a rank
 of life, the individuals of which are cen-
 sured because they feel their own impor-
 tance in the scale of human beings, and
 are cruelly and unjustly despised, because
 they are dependent upon the wealth, the
 caprice, and the insolence of their masters,
 to whom they frequently find themselves
 superior in intellect, good sense, and know-
 ledge

ledge of the world : among such noble dispositions, the enthusiasm of Bruce led him to anticipate faithful friends, and perhaps his romance was seldom more excusable, for their profusion was the effect of generosity, and their civility was the language of nature.

It was after ten when Bruce went to Mrs. Lewiston's rooms, where he found her all alone. "My friend is not yet come, I can't think what keeps her; she is vast alluring, James; she is such a fine creature, about twenty, with a pretty little fortune, I assure you. Cast your eye at her," pursued she, tapping him on the shoulder, "cast your eye at her, or she will get married before you expect; Money makes the mare to go."

Br. I am too young to marry, Mrs.

Lewiston

Lewston—besides I don't know enough of the world.

L. No, no, you are too old to be single, and you know more of the world even than I do, and this is the place to make use of it—Here you may make yourself friends in abundance.—Mrs. Lewston's friend now entered, and Lewston spoke very fondly : “ My dear Betsey, “ where have you been? how long you “ stayed! What, I suppose Miss Benwal “ had not done her evening duty? I war- “ rant now she has been rehearsing all the “ articles of her belief.”

Betty. Yes, she has read all the Apocrypha to me. I thought I should have never got away. Then she sent me to a poor lad who formerly lived with her, to carry a receipt for the evil; she won't let
him

him come to her, as all the rest of the patients do, because he told her a lie some little time ago, and she ever since calls him her little Gehazi. Then I was obliged to go home to her again, and she had got two or three people from the parish in the country; they were settling accounts with her in the Gilgal room.

Mrs. L. The *what* room?

Betty. Dear me! did not you know that all our apartments are named after scripture?

L. No; what can that mean?

Betty. Every one of 'em—they have all their separate uses. In one she sees her sick people; in another she manages the church affairs; in another she receives the complaints of her pensioners; another she keeps for strangers. And all her rooms have,

as I said before, particular names taken from the bible: there is the Ark parlour; there is the little Canaan closet; the Red-sea room—that's where the company dine; the Moses and Aaron drawing-room, where she entertains her two rectors in town and country, with the principal managing people of the charities. There's the Shem and Japheth dressing-room, where she distributes the apparel which she gives away—I can't remember half the names of the places where, as she says, she *does her functions*; and indeed we all owe Ainsworth, our fellow-servant, who was a player, and first put it in her head to nickname them, we all owe him a grudge for advising her to continue the custom.

Mrs. L. I never heard, in all the works

..... I ever

I ever read, of such a woman as Miss Benwal.

Bruce. Really I should think your house must be like an inn—I suppose, when any body calls on Miss Benwal, the order is “Shew them into the Lamentations.”

Betty. Ha! ha! I’ve heard of Mr. James’s humour before I saw him—a friend of mine, indeed, spoke so handsomely of him, that I must have known him if I had not been told who he was. There are people whom one as it were *predestinates*, I think my mistress calls it, ~~it is~~ I beg pardon, Sir, but I am so used to talk church language, that I hope you’ll excuse it.

The girl continued, all the evening, to
ogle Bruce. He went home with her,
and it was not without difficulty that he
extricated

extricated himself from the influence of her eyes. He returned to Mrs. Lewiston, and from her collected an account of the mistress. Miss Benwal was a good and a weak woman; and she was infinitely pious. Her fortune was large, but she limited her expences from the most laudable of all motives, that she might be able to distribute without splendour, and without error, *"health to the sick, and solace to the swain."* Her whole time was nearly occupied in these exemplary employments, which were so many and so various, accompanied with such intricacies of imposition, and attended with such frequent displays of mistaken benevolence, that envious malignity would raise false reports, and wicked wit ridiculous laughs, at Miss Benwal's expence. It should, however, be considered that much

7

general

general good cannot be done without infinite labour, even by an opulent benefactor. Miss Benwal might have bestowed smaller donations with more brilliancy, if she had confined her charity to a less circle, but she was anxious to do much good, and to many people. The part she took in a variety of concerns induced one eternal scene of restless irritation through her whole life. Slight distresses were to be appeased, and trifling wishes to be gratified. She entered with strenuous diligence into every petitioner's concerns; and her fear of being imposed upon rendered her inquiries sometimes superfluous, and often absurd. Her house was crowded with paupers, yet she had an odd whim of giving to none but such as were perfectly clean, and always professed to receive only
the

the *neat and the needy*. Complaints of various kinds were often brought before her, and she adjusted them more by authority than skill. A poor woman came to her to complain that what she had earned in the week, had been taken from her by a drunken husband, "who was always in the alehouse, and never at home."——
 "Heark'ye, good woman, do you understand the Trinity."——"Please you, Madam?"——"I say do you understand the construction of the Trinity?"——
 "Why, if it's like your honour, Madam, I think I—you know, Madam, I dare say; and if you knew it, your honour, we all know it, for your ladyship's honour understands for the whole parish."——
 "Ho! ho!—I see how it is; why,"

VOL. I. K "woman,

“woman, how can you have the face to
 “come into my holy house, and not be
 “able to explain your religion? And how
 “d’ye ever expect your husband to stay at
 “home with you if you don’t understand
 “the Trinity.”——“Will your honour,
 “Madam, be kind enough to explain it.”
 ——“No, I won’t indeed, you’re not wor-
 “thy of being acquainted with the Trinity;
 “go away, go home to your drunken hus-
 “band; poor good man, I dare say he has
 “plague enough with you, —there, go
 “away, and never let me see you again.”

Miss Benwal went regularly to church,
 but forbade any of her dependants to recog-
 nize her in so sacred a place: “take care
 “of your *to come*,” was her reproof to a
 poor man who one day made her a pro-

found reverence in the aisle ; “ no bowing
 “ of the body when God is in company ;
 “ churches were not built to bow in.”

The girl whom Bruce had met, was a great favourite with Miss Benwal. She took her in some measure from her demure appearance, as well as on account of her name, which had been renowned in the annals of holy mother church. Betty Tillotson was just seventeen, tall, and well made, with a pair of black eyes which were remarkably brilliant. She dressed affectedly plain, and her conversation was always disguised by a simper, under which she said many odd things. Betty was not what she seemed ; she valued her reputation highly, as she knew it was all she had to value, except her person. Of her mistress's devotion she had only the semblance,

and never opened her prayer-book but she turned over a *new leaf*. Miss Benwal always took her to church, and Miss Benwal's pew was the object of general admiration. "You see, Betty," was her mistress's constant remark, "You see how my humble sanctity attracts the public eye."—"True, Madam, you have to be sure introduced a *new form of worship*."—"No, Betty, mine is the established religion of my country."

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their superscription (of the most
I would be understood :) in prosp'rous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head
Not to be found though sought.

MILTON'S *Samson Agonistes*.

To all my foes, dear fortune, send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend.
I tamely can endure the first,
But this with envy makes me burst.

SWIFT'S *Verses on his own Death*.

Perish the hope that deadens young desire !
Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,
Indulge gay hope and fancy's pleasing fire ;
Fancy and hope too soon shall of themselves expire !

BEATTIE'S *Minstrel*, part I, v. 34.

BRUCE, who was appointed to carry
the casket to Miss Meredyth the next
day, went to the jeweller, and before he

VOL. I.

K 3

waited

waited on her, called at Lord Warynton's, who was at breakfast with Colonel Orford and Mr. Evelyne. When Bruce arrived, the Colonel, after having slightly noticed him, took his leave. His lordship was exhilarated at again seeing Bruce. " You are
 " come very a-pro-pos, for I have written a
 " note which I wish you to take care of:
 " wait a few minutes, while my little friend
 " Evelyne satisfies my curiosity upon a sub-
 " ject of some importance ; I will seal my
 " letter, and we will then hear what he has
 " to impart: you may remain here, as you
 " can perhaps yourself now throw some
 " light on the narrative." Lord Warynton began reading his letter, and sighed very bitterly at the remembrance of Miss Meredith. He endeavoured to disguise his sorrow, and mentioning his son, addressed
 Evelyne

Evelyne with affected levity; " I expect
 " Tom from Eton in a few days; I hope
 " you will go down with us to Mount-
 " bridge while he is with me; Tom's a
 " merry dog, and will make your time pass
 " agreeably; I shall be very happy to see
 " him in such company as your's, and
 " highly obliged that you will kindly relin-
 " quish your more rational avocations to
 " pass a little time with my young rebel."

Evelyne received the invitation with grati-
 tude and propriety. " Your lordship has
 " so many noble ways of conferring fa-
 " vours, and extending beneficence, that I
 " am destitute even of expression to thank
 " you: the delight of those happy days
 " I passed with your son Mr. Harwal, at
 " Eton, where his generosity was refined
 " by his friendship, can be exceeded only

K 4

" by

“ by the felicity which you are so perpetually lavishing upon me. The patronage which I so long foolishly expected from others, with all the eagerness of youthful credulity, I have been honoured with by your lordship beyond my expectations, and beyond my deserts. The rapid promises of professors in friendship, have yet been of infinite use to me; for as a charming writer * has observed in one of his admirable poems,

Le speranze fuggitivi e incerte
 Sogni son di chi dorme a ciglia aperta.

“ They have taught me the great lesson of life, never to expect bounties, and never to forget them.”

A sketch of Evelyne's character and

* Fulvio Testi.

situation

situation in life may here be acceptable. He became acquainted with lord Warynton by an intimacy with his lordship's son at Eton school, which Evelyne had quitted three years before.

Evelyne was a young man of eligible fortune, and of abilities which he did not always display. He had not a large acquaintance, nor were his good qualities very generally known. It requires great abilities and great confidence in any man to step forth the publisher of his own intellectual supremacy, and to demand a respect which the world is not often willing to grant; for mankind rather than estimate it too highly, will not estimate it at all, and it is not every one who can patiently bear the refusal.

Evelyne's virtues I fear mentioning too
highly.

highly. They were of that easy and complacent kind which, without loftiness or radiance, attracted no stranger, but pleased every friend. An even temper, and a lively disposition, made him tolerably agreeable to others, and invariably happy within himself. An aversion to the bustle of public entertainment induced him to pass much of his time in solitude, though his love of social pleasure was very great. His leisure hours were constantly employed in tranquil avocations, and rational study, but he was yet much delighted to find himself in the circles of the wise, the gay, and the learned, and among these he did not often pass an hour without much profit and some honour.

He was in company remarkably silent, but upon occasions where he was attracted
by

by kindness or roused by insolence, it was said of him, that he could with unexpected brilliancy rescue his character from the imputation of weakness; that he could repay good-breeding with elegance, and mortify pride with unremitting severity.

Lord Warynton, with a generous friendship *took him by the hand*, introduced him to his house, to his table, and to his friends. Evelyne, notwithstanding his love of solitude, had still long wished to be more known in public. Many people had promised to present him in different circles, and at various societies. Many had professed their esteem, but no one had ventured to enlarge the number of his acquaintance, or to *introduce him into the world*; that great source of reputation and advantage had been studiously eluded through the selfish caution.

tion of some, and unkindly omitted through the petty negligence, and cruel indifference of others. The truth is, he whose claims to distinction arise from intellectual merit, must by some successful effort make those claims appear; he will rarely find a friend sufficiently generous and disinterested to elicit, by a diligent concurrence, those talents which may constitute a rival: his acquaintance will repress his emulation with envious malignity, and his friends will treat his enterprises with supercilious coldness. His honest emulation, his hopes for fame, his incessant diligence, his sanguine reliance on *amicable* protestation, will all be sacrificed to his want of interest: glow of wit, fervour of imagination, and solidity of knowledge, charm in the acquaintance whose *personal* consequence commands respect; but if displayed

played in those who have nothing but genius, they are spurned and blasted by the artifices of envy, and the malevolence of friendship. One trait of Evelyne will exhibit his turn of thought. He had dined frequently at Lord Warynton's, and the day before Bruce called, he sat down with a splendid company, where, in rank and fortune, he knew himself inferior. He was placed near Lord Warynton, opposite to two boys of fashion, whose pertness and clamour distinguished them from the rest of the company. They had frequently remarked the taciturnity of Evelyne, and were very desirous to make an experiment upon his diffidence. Lord Warynton found, that in so brilliant a company, his young guest Evelyne was not noticed, and therefore, with that charming beneficence which distinguishes a great mind,

mind, he selected him as *his* companion for the day.

"I lament, Mr. Evelyne, that you never travelled." Lord Q. "Bless me, my lord, that gentleman must surely travel a great deal, for he is always *absent*."

Evelyne coloured at this unmerited sarcasm from a stranger. "I believe, Sir," observed the honourable Mr. B. brother to the pert young peer just mentioned, "I believe, Sir, that I had the pleasure of seeing you yesterday *put into* Adams's, the globe-maker, in Fleet-Street." "Ay," replied Lord Q. "that's a proof that he has seen the *world*." Here they both laughed, and the company joined them. Lord Warrington was hurt for his friend; he turned to them; "*You have both travelled*, I believe?" Lord Q. "We are just returned." "And

“ And were you much esteemed and beloved while you were abroad ? ” The little peer and his brother replied almost both in a breath, “ So much so, that the very sailors continually crowned us with joyful acclamations.” *Evelyne*. “ I think, gentlemen, that’s very likely ;

“ *Puppibus et læti nautæ imposuère coronas.* ”

The severity of this allusion, given in such a manner, was felt by all who had read Virgil, and understood the line.

The laugh was pretty well over, when Lord Warynton said, “ Suppose now, for the satisfaction of the company, that one of you two gentlemen construe my friend Mr. *Evelyne*’s quotation, that we may all know so excellent and forcible an address was not thrown away upon you.”

They

They both looked at one another, then bit their lips, and made no reply.

“ As I find,” said Mr. Temple, that you
 “ neither of you understand it, I will, *for*
 “ *the satisfaction of the company*, give you
 “ two lines of Dr. Johnson’s London,
 “ which will explain it tolerably well. I
 “ address myself to Lord Q.

“ Fate never wounds more deep the gen’rous heart,
 “ Than when a blockhead’s insult points the dart.”

Mr. Temple’s bitter application of these admirable lines, added to the former sarcasms; their ignorance in not understanding Evelyne’s, and the laugh occasioned by their receiving these lines as a translation of the Latin, sunk the two petty prattlers to the lowest state of abject confusion.

Such was the youth, who obtained,
 through the solicitous kindness of Lord
 Warynton,

Warynton, an acquaintance with men and manners, and was enabled to move in a more enlarged and elegant circle of acquaintance.

Lord Warynton having now sealed his letter, desired Evelyne to begin the narrative, in which he was so highly interested: Evelyne commenced: "In my account, I shall
 " begin with your lordship's friend, Lord
 " Spelman, as the circumstances of his life
 " are an introduction to the history of the
 " lady in question.

Lord Spelman had been of age two years. He was the picture of elegant perfection. His person was uncommonly fine, and he appeared to have been trained by the Graces to every refinement of studied elegance. He spoke incomparably well; and, though he seldom instructed, yet he was al-

ways sure to charm every hearer, by the music of his voice, and the sweetness of his periods. He was, at school, not so remarkable for dulness as insipience ; for absence of ideas, and a total vacancy of character. His father had been a grave, solid, sedate man, who attended the business of the senate, without disturbing or understanding the debates. He got into his carriage with a mechanical regularity, and every day performed his revolutions about the capital, which filled up his time till the hours came in which he was to *assist* at public places, to behold and be seen by societies which he cared little about. But he was respected for his integrity, his equanimity, and the smoothness of his character, which did not often offend, because it never delighted. Lady Spelman, the mother of the present

10

lord,

Lord, was a lucky woman, raised from a very obscure origin to sudden affluence.

Lord Spelman, who caught her in some of the country towns, or petty villages, adjacent to the metropolis, brought her to London, married her, and introduced her very young to all the fashionable places of resort. She was in time *decrottée*. She forgot, very successfully, the society she had left, and the harmony of her former companions, the *lamb's bleat*, and the *linnet's song*.

She now attained gradually some graces and some discretion, but no allurements of any kind. Her husband taught her the useful lesson of seldom speaking; and she practised a reserved dignity, which gave her few speeches an air of haughty beneficence, as if she conferred a favour by vouchsafing to communicate her—or rather other

people's ideas. She maintained the partiality of Lord Spelman, by a resolute repulse of every civility from every man ; with which, however, she was not often assailed. Her frigid deportment once induced a female to call her *a well dressed isficle*. Her lofty behaviour threw some energy into her composition, for without such a requisite she would have been an absolute *nonentity* in mind, one of those women who " *have no character at all*;" and if this conduct had not occasionally induced some *candid* friends to hint at her *origin*, she would have had positively nothing remarkable about her.

These were the progenitors of young Lord Spelman; and from instructors so flimsy, little ~~could~~ be expected. Reared under ~~the influence~~ of such a combination

as

as dulness and inexperience on one hand, and frivolous imbecillity on the other, Lord Spelman entered the world without literature, without vivacity, without sensibility. He detested books, and never frequented any society where the conversation was instructive*. He seldom understood wit, and readily therefore rejected the lively sallies of the sprightly and ingenious.

His fortune was very ample ; and it had no incumbrance of any kind, for excessive prodigality was not one of his vices. His private life afforded one curious instance of romantic caprice. Miss Meredyth was a

* Sa figure & les graces extérieures de sa personne étoient telles que la nature n'a peut-être jamais rien formé de plus accompli Enfin tous les avantages du corps parloient pour lui, mais son esprit ne disoit pas un petit mot en sa faveur. Il n'avoit de sentiment que ce qu'on lui en inspiroit

See Les Memoires de Grammont, p. 2, ch. 4.

young lady of some family, and great wealth. Lord Spelman had met her in the country, and was struck with the elegance of her figure, and the graces of her deportment. He inquired her name, character, and situation. Miss Meredyth, he was told, had refused many offers of marriage from men of the most enviable ranks in life. She lived quite alone, both in town and country, with a splendour that must be supported by a very large estate. She was visited by some few people near Beaulieu, which was the name of her seat; her lively temper and unequalled gaiety were displayed in nothing more than in the hospitable magnificence at Beaulieu.

This was a singular account, "Did she
 " profess never to admit the addresses of a
 " lover?" On the contrary, she had received
 many,

many, but marriage she seemed totally averse to. Lord Spelman saw her again. He danced with her, they supped afterwards, and sat together. He mentioned some fine pictures he had lately purchased: "I am informed, Madam, that at Beaulieu you have a beautiful Claude, and some other delightful pictures. I wish I had a friend whose interest with you would obtain permission for me to admire them."

"Beaulieu is ever open to all well-bred encouragers of the arts; and I will even invite your lordship to dine with me to-morrow: if you will come early, you can survey the pictures; and I am told there are some which merit your attention."

Lord Spelman was surprised at the frankness of such an early invitation; he bowed very thankfully, and paid her many compliments

on her reputation for taste and elegance. The next day he attended Beaulieu before two o'clock. He was astonished at the variety of the embellishments, displayed in a villa built in a stile of uncommon taste and rural simplicity. He was led through a hall, an anti-room, and a library, into a spacious saloon, which fronted the grounds: it was hung with variety of pictures, and furnished entirely to correspond with the building. Here he waited some time, during which he examined the pictures, and found some of them were of infinite value. The late Lord Spelman had been a collector, had travelled in search of exquisite productions, and had imparted some of his own information to this his son. Miss Meredyth at length appeared alone. She apologized for being *en dishabille*, but owned

owned she was not an early riser. She rung the bell, told Lord Spelman she was ready to attend him, and proposed entering a room on the left from the library. They walked into a beautiful little apartment, in which was some few small paintings, and a very fine organ, with other musical instruments disposed near it. A table was spread with fruit, and other refreshments, and a very fine girl, neatly dressed, was playing on a harp. She rose at their entrance, and his lordship, of course, intreated he might not interrupt the melody, but earnestly begged a repetition of the air which she had just finished. The girl looked with an inquiring face at Miss Meredyth, who said, " Sing, Duvair, you have a good voice ; " and we must use every endeavour to " make Lord Spelman's time pass agree-
ably,

“ ably, when he honours us with a visit.”

Duvair repeated the lively air, which was French. Lord Spelman requested the words. She made no answer, but sung it again. The words were Bainville’s :

L’autre jour l’enfant de Cythère
 Sous une treille à demi-gris,
 Disoit en parlant à sa mère
 “ Je bois à toi ma chère Iris :”
 Venus le regarde en colère
 “ Calmer maman votre courroux.
 “ Si je vous prends pour ma bergère
 “ J’ai pris cent fois Iris pour vous.”

The thought was common, but she sung it divinely. They partook of the refection; and he surveyed the room with much satisfaction. They entered another apartment, wherein were only portraits, and among them a noble one of Miss Meredyth. The library was next visited; and the books were found

found to consist of history, poems, novels, and dramas in English, French, and Italian. The collection was small, but very excellent. They entered the grounds, which were beautifully laid out; and though the whole was in the modern style; yet in these, as well as in the house, there was a novelty and a singularity not unpleasing. It was now after five o'clock, and the dinner-bell had rung. Lord Spelman and the ladies therefore returned to the house, and entered the eating-room, which he had not yet seen. It was rather neat than splendid. The dinner was served with great elegance, and attended by a suitable retinue of servants. Both the ladies dined with him. The conversation was very lively, and turned principally on what they had seen in the morning. Wonder and perplexity had, however,

however, taken full possession of Lord Spelman's mind. He saw himself at the house, and at the table, of a single woman, who, with a beautiful person, large fortune, and various accomplishments, seemed, in that situation, perfectly *isolée*. He saw no improper levity in her behaviour, yet she was not grave; but he observed she had a languishing air in her eyes, which he thought was sometimes *very expressive*. He could ask no questions; nor could he, with much probable propriety, invite her to pass a day with him at his house in town, or at his seat, which was two hundred miles distant. He found her convivial talents sprightly and agreeable; once or twice he thought more than agreeable. These reflections were at last interrupted by Miss Duvair, who intreated Miss Meredyth to oblige her with a song,

song, in return for the air she rehearsed in the morning. She rung for the harp, and Miss Meredyth sung so infinitely superior to her companion, with such exquisite melody and refined taste, that Lord Spelman was enraptured. The words were her own :

Vainly shines the light of reason,
Beaming faint in early day ;
Dazzling in the softer season,
Love and rapture to betray.

II.

The frosts of wint'ry age extinguish
All that early youth could shew ;
And Reason's tomb we then distinguish,
The heart of stone, the head of snow.

Love and delight sparkled in the eyes of Lord Spelman. He was going to entreat another song, when coffee was announced ; and when he had written the words of the air in his pocket-book, he followed the ladies

dies to the music-room. Duvair presided
 at the tea-table, and Miss Meredyth took
 her seat at the organ, where she played a
 fine piece, and then sung another air en-
 chantingly. "What an heavenly woman!"
 said Lord Spelman to himself; "and how
 "equivocally situated!" He repeated his
 acknowledgments for the infinite pleasure
 he had received, and almost requested per-
 mission to repeat his visit. When the time
 came at which he proposed going, she in-
 vited him to sup. He could not decline
 it, and the evening passed in the same lively
 course of diversified entertainment. He
 knew not what to say at his departure, but
 he at length determined to invite Miss Me-
 redyth to town. She did not assent, but
 replied, that Lord Spelman would surely
 not leave the country without honouring
 her

her with another visit. He readily promised to attend her, and took his leave. The whole night was employed in considering what this girl could be. He found himself more interested in her situation than he expected. He rose next day, and drove about the country, asking every one he knew, if they could tell him the family, the general conduct, the fortune, and the connections of Miss Meredyth. She was very generally known, universally admired, and occasionally visited. He was impatient till he saw her again. He called twice, and left his card. A concert in the neighbourhood afforded him another interview, and another invitation. The intimacy increased, till Lord Spelman grew so enamoured of this extraordinary woman, that he vehemently solicited a speedy marriage.

It

It was one day when they had dined alone, and he had said every thing that love could inspire, and confidence suggest, after a short silence, Miss Meredyth thus addressed him:

“ You are the only man, my lord, I have
 “ ever yet met, whom I should be happy
 “ to select as a husband, though I have had
 “ many offers of the most eligible kind;
 “ but I will be as ingenuous and disinte-
 “ rested, as you have been fond and un-
 “ thinking: you know little of me from
 “ my character, or my situation; I have
 “ every requisite of fortune, affection, ten-
 “ derness, and sincerity, to constitute your
 “ happiness and my own, as a faithful
 “ friend; but I have no qualities to endear
 “ me to you as a wife. However unbe-
 “ coming this declaration may appear to
 “ you, and however severely you may judge
 “ of

" of me as a light libertine, I have too high
 " a value for *your* peace, for your charac-
 " ter, and for *my* own integrity, to ally
 " myself to a man of honour, while I am
 " conscious that passion or caprice might
 " destroy my constancy; and that a hus-
 " band, adorned with every virtue, might
 " become a victim to *my* infidelity."

Lord Spelman was overwhelmed with
 astonishment at this extraordinary speech.
 He felt a magnanimity in her refusal, which
 declined all the advantages of rank and re-
 spect, and at the same time carried with it
 her own condemnation. He was infat-
 uated with her beauties and her manners;
 he was pleased with her style of living; and,
 above all, he was charmed with her frank-
 ness and liberality. Such were his reflec-
 tions; but some answer was to be made to

VOL. I.

M

her

her declarations. He paused for a few minutes.

“ The candour and friendship, Madam,
 “ with which you have treated me, merit
 “ more praises than I am able to offer you ;
 “ as you prefer that mode of living which
 “ yields pleasure, rather than reputation,
 “ may I hope that I shall be more favour-
 “ ably received in the character of a lover
 “ than in that of a husband ?”

Miss Meredyth declined giving a direct assent to his supplication. A few days, however, terminated their situation; and Lord Spelman was at last added to the list of those who had shared, at Beaulieu, the unlimited gratifications of luxury and love. Two years had this licentious intimacy continued; during which, Lord Spelman, with a fascination known only to the most
 ardent

ardent and most weak of lovers, frequently implored the establishment of their mutual regard, by a sacred and indissoluble union : but no intreaties could prevail on Miss Meredyth to resign that liberty which she so much valued, and of which she made so ill a use. She never would be compelled to make a vow she could not ratify ; nor would she put it out of Lord Spelman's power to select another woman, whose principles of virtue, and lustre of fame, might ensure her own happiness, and that of Lord Spelman.

This gay intercourse was, however, now daily growing less permanent. Miss Meredyth had a new lover ; and Lord Spelman, whose inclinations became more domestic, wished for a woman whom, as a wife, he could introduce to his friends,

M 2

whom

whom he could admire without disgrace, and love without satiety. He still, however, continued his visits to Miss Meredyth, who disdained every other tribute but voluntary attachment; and had the firmness to tell him, that the instant he married, their acquaintance must cease; that she never would disturb that tranquillity which in a family is the foundation of all virtue, and all happiness; and still less would she give pain to a valuable woman, whose intrinsic worth would be superior to her own, though she might not possess an equal power of pleasing. She told him, that a new lover had offered the incense of admiration at the shrine of her beauty, and confessed herself partial to his person and disposition. She recommended to Lord Spellman, to marry without delay, not because

could she wished to decline his friendship,
 but to promote his welfare. She named
 several women of rank and accomplish-
 ments; and, among others, Miss Emily Bry-
 ant, whose high character, and fine accom-
 plishments, rendered her a proper compa-
 nion for a man of Lord Spelman's amiable
 turn of mind. She concluded by declar-
 ing, that she had no claim upon his lord-
 ship's affection or generosity; for that it
 was perfectly just, as "*his love was a vio-*
lent commencement in him, that she should
see an answerable sequestration." Lord
 Spelman has, I hear, taken her advice; he
 was lately introduced to Lady Bryant; and,
 when Miss Bryant returns from the coun-
 try, which will be very soon, his lordship
 will, it is supposed, pay his addresses in form:
 and who can doubt, but the elegance of his

manners, the elevation of his rank, and the splendour of his opulence, will secure him a place in the heart of the young lady. This, my lord, is the account I have received; but I must entreat you will not discover any part of what I have said. Miss Meredith's accomplishments are doubtless equal to her beauty; and no one can be acquainted with her, but they must involuntarily participate the charms of intellectual pleasure; and they, as Mr. Sheridan says,

Will gladly light, their homage to improve,
The lamp of knowledge at the torch of love.

Evelyne here concluded his detail; which Lord Warynton received with many thanks. At the name of Miss Bryant, Bruce was alarmed; he found a new and powerful rival opposing his welfare; and he could not help fearing, that Emily, seduced
by

by the gaudy temptations of high rank, would totally forget his sufferings and his ardour. He however consoled himself, that he should be near to interrupt the suit, if Emily had any love, or any virtue.

Lord Warynton gave him a second note to Miss Meredyth. He received a packet of cards from Lady Bryant; and when he had delivered them, waited on Miss Meredyth. As he went up the street, he saw her at the window; she smiled at seeing him; and when he entered the room, her first apostrophe was, "No express, I hope, from the doating peer!"

Bruce. I am unfortunate enough, Madam, to be the ambassador of his heart.

Miss Meredyth. I forgive him upon your account. Have you called at the jeweller's?

M 4

Bruce

Bruce gave her the casket. She took out a ring, which was set in diamonds; and, presenting it to him, "I am not ashamed to confess, that the man whose mind is above his situation, whose sensibility, and accomplishments, would adorn the loftiest rank, though he moves in a sphere much inferior to mine; I do not blush to own, that he has won my heart: if you can find such a man, and surely you are not dull, give him that bauble; remind him that I have acknowledged all I dare acknowledge, and I leave the rest to his generosity and his discernment." Miss Meredyth hid her blushing face in her handkerchief, and, was some time before she looked at Bruce; he was surprised at her confession, and for a few minutes was lost in thought: "I know but
" of

“ of one unfortunate man, Madam, to
 “ whom you can allude ; and what a situa-
 “ tion is he in, when I tell you, upon my
 “ honour, that he has not a heart to give !
 “ His faith, his love, his fame, are all
 “ pledged to another—Be not inconside-
 “ rately violent with him for his misfor-
 “ tunes—none can behold your beauties
 “ without languishing in despair ; and no-
 “ thing but the religion of love could de-
 “ ter an admirer from adoration.—Pardon
 “ me, Madam, for my abrupt—for my al-
 “ most insolent reply : you cannot be more
 “ sensible to your own attractions than I
 “ am—I could gaze for ever on that lovely
 “ form—it’s lustre and influence might
 “ dispel every consideration, but the hope
 “ of gaining your favours—Those principles
 “ of truth and honour must be strong in-
 “ deed,

“ deed, that do not melt away, at the ra-
 “ diance of your charms—Think me not
 “ vain or presumptuous!—my life I should
 “ consider as a contemptible sacrifice, if
 “ placed in competition with your beauty;
 “ and if I offend you by truth, you will, I
 “ hope, consider the nature of my offence,
 “ and not judge of me too severely.”

Miss Meredyth coloured with conscious
 shame; she fixed her eyes for some time on
 the ground; then addressing Bruce, at first
 with a forced smile, “ Do not imagine,
 “ that, like many others of my sex, I am
 “ unreasonably desirous of indulging my
 “ own wishes at the expence of every vir-
 “ tue—I honour your constancy, and your
 “ sincerity—I request you will accept the
 “ trifle I just offered you, and let me in-
 “ treat that I may never see you more.”

Bruce

Bruce was much surpris'd at her reply ; he look'd for all the rage and disdain of a slighted woman : if he was before pleas'd with her beauty, he was now delighted to extasy at the candour and gentleness with which she received her disappointment : " I can have no title, Madam, to the possession of so valuable a gift as this ring ; you must indeed excuse my accepting it ; I can have no merit in your eyes, and very little in my own ; for however you may admire the efforts I make to preserve the fidelity towards my real mistress unfulfilled, I can never, perhaps, help reproaching myself for having slighted generous munificence, and having wounded an elegant mind." Miss Meredyth was much affected ; Bruce saw and pitied her agitation : she compos'd herself ; and, after gazing

gazing upon him some time very tenderly,
 " I entreat you say no more. I must have
 " sunk in your estimation beneath the
 " lowest of my sex; I own myself stung by
 " your conduct; with all that can be in-
 " flicted by disappointment and disgrace;
 " but I receive your reproof without bit-
 " terness, and without malice; you are mas-
 " ter of your own heart, and that should
 " teach me to be mistress of mine. The wo-
 " man to whom you cannot impart love or
 " esteem, you may perhaps be inclined to
 " pity: keep the ring in memory of one
 " whose indiscretions may probably meet
 " with some lenity from you, when they do
 " not interfere with your own interests.
 " I cannot say more, and only desire that
 " you will never speak of me; and, above
 " all, that you will never see me again.
 " May

“ May you, in whatever situation you are placed, be recompensed for your constancy to your mistress, and enjoy every gratification you can desire or deserve !”

Miss Meredyth retired; and Bruce, who was much grieved for her sufferings, came away. She had put the ring into his hand, and it would therefore have been slighting her to refuse it. As he went home, he reproached himself for treating her with coolness, was it gallant? was it even polite? He almost determined to return, and be more ardent; to offer her his heart, with frankness and gaiety; to acknowledge himself culpable, in the highest degree, for being dull to the pleasures of love; and for having been grossly disobedient to the CANONS OF GALLANTRY, by which all men, and especially young men, ought to be governed.

vernal. Thus irresolute, he turned the
 corner of a street, where he met Lord Wa-
 rynton, who came up to him with all the
 eagerness of expectation; and, seizing him
 by the shoulder, "Well, my better genius,
 am I to be bound to you for ever for the
 "greatest bounty you could procure me?"
 Bruce was in a very awkward situation;
 Miss Meredyth's conversation had been
 the only object of his thoughts; and Lord
 Warynton was quite forgotten, for she had
 not even read his letter. It was some time
 before Bruce could answer him: "I have
 "done every thing, my lord, that skill and
 "diligence could suggest, but without the
 "smallest prospect of success. I am just
 "come from Miss Meredyth, who has
 "commanded me never to see her more."
 Lord Warynton, after lamenting his ill
 fortune,

fortune, thanked Bruce for his care, and
 declared his perfect satisfaction and belief
 of Bruce's exertions. "Your own history
 " must be curious, and I shall be happy to
 " be more acquainted with it. Sir Ed-
 " ward Bryant's family are going to pass
 " some time with us at my house in the
 " country; I have just seen Lady Bryant,
 " and requested that she will permit you to
 " call on my son at Eton, and leave that
 " letter: ride with him to Mountbridge,
 " where you are to remain till we all come
 " down. You will attend young Mr.
 " Bryant, who is to go with you. It may
 " be a week or more before we come there,
 " as Miss Bryant is not returned from Mrs.
 " Ellyson's; if she comes home sooner, we
 " shall set off immediately." After re-
 ceiving this intelligence, Bruce parted from
 his

his lordship. He went immediately home, and was ordered by Lady Bryant to prepare for his excursion the next day. To Bruce, Lewston descanted very copiously on the folly of that arrangement; in which she discovered all that was wrong and ill-judged: "Don't you remember, Mr. James, " that it was always a rule with Sir Charles " Grandison, when he sent his servants " into the country, to let it be for the pro- " per and the fit? And don't you recol- " lect, that when Lady Betsy Thoughtless, " and Lord Peregrine Pickle, in Squire " Fielding's novel of Gil Blas, went to the " North, that they never took any servants " with them at all—Then there was, I am " sure, that character in the Romance of " a Minute,—he that—You know who I " mean?"—

Bruce

Bruce endeavoured to escape from the torrent, but without effect; the woman poured forth an inundation of complaints, because she could not see why Bruce went down to Mountbridge before the rest of the family.

During this conversation, a servant arrived from Mrs. Ellyson's, announcing Emily's arrival in two days; and Bruce, who was eager to obtain the earliest intelligence of his mistress, to know where she had been, how she had passed her time, and all those frivolous circumstances which constitute the delights of a lover, got acquainted with the messenger; and, in order to find an opportunity for asking him the particulars of Miss Bryant's conduct, prevailed upon him to go that evening to the play. *Va-t-en* was a French domestic, who had

VOL. I.

N

attended

attended Mrs. Ellyson from Paris; and she sent him to acquaint Sir Edward that she proposed accompanying Emily to London. The young fellow, who had been well educated, easily accepted Bruce's invitation; and they went to Drury Lane, where Mrs. Siddons appeared in the Fair Penitent. When they arrived in the gallery, Bruce commenced his enquiry; but in a few minutes the curtain drew up. Altamont and Horatio entered; the first speech was received, as usual, with no uncommon fervour of applause by the audience; but the instant when Horatio began his first line, which was only the *emphatical, high-sounding, and poetical* expression, "Yes, Altamont"—Bruce applauded with such vehemence, and such clamour, that he drew every one's attention. He accompanied his gestures with
loud

loud exclamations of "The friend! the
 " friend! Bravo! bravo! Well done friend-
 " ship! Finely spoken!" The man who
 was with him stared, and did not at all com-
 prehend this paroxysm of approbation. At
 the end of the second act, *Va-t-en* observed,
 that it was an excellent play; that Calista
 was a natural character, if not a moral one.
 Bruce interrupted him, "O Sir, talk not
 " of Calista—'tis not for her the poet wrote
 " the play; she has nothing to do in it—it
 " is Horatio, Sir, the friend, the amicable
 " hero, the guardian of his Altamont, that
 " is the splendid character of the piece.
 " Observe how nobly he interferes where he
 " has no business with what's going for-
 " ward; mark the rude and gross terms
 " in which he speaks to the delicate Ca-
 " lista, who never injured him: then, again,

N 2

" his

“ his refusal to be reconciled to Altamont,
 “ shews how much he loved him: in short,
 “ the two great characters of the piece are
 “ Horatio, the friend of Altamont, and
 “ Roffano, the friend of Lothario.”——
Va-t-en by no means understood all this,
 but replied briskly, “ Mais mon Dieu! Le
 “ Chevalier Shakspeare—il écrit en hon-
 “ nête homme—aussi il faut avouer que—
 “ —“ Certainly you’re right; *his* Horatio,
 “ as a character, is much superior to his
 “ Hamlet—for instance, you see the many
 “ friends he has; Francisco, Bernardo, and
 “ Marcellus, are all his sworn intimates;
 “ but you do not see that in Hamlet; no,
 “ no—he tells you, that even his two old
 “ acquaintances, Rosencraus and Guilden-
 “ stern, whom he had known long, who
 “ were his schoolfellows, his fellow-stu-
 “ dents,

“dents, what does he say of them? why,
 “forsooth, that he will “*trust them as he will*
 “*adders fanged.*” Now this certainly de-
 “preciates the character of his Hamlet.”—
 “Mais, donc vous aimez l’amitié des for-
 “cières?—No doubt it is a fine trait in
 “their characters, and by this unanimity
 “they were enabled to perform their incan-
 “tations.”—“Vous voulez, par hazard,
 “que—Monfieur—comment s’appelle le
 “bon Monfieur.”—“Who d’ye mean?
 “what play is it in?”—“Eh! le grand
 “nom m’est echappé—c’est un espèce de
 “Marquis Blackamoor qui se trouve tout
 “noir, et qui au lieu de combler sa petite
 “femme charmante par les caresses au lit
 “—mort de ma vie! il y court, il l’at-
 “taque, et la voila enfoncée dans l’Oreiller
 “brutal!”—“O you mean Othello! Well
 “—there’s

“ —there’s another divine character ; you
 “ see his amity to Iago ; you see his charm-
 “ ing confidence in his lieutenant.”—
 “ Mais que veut dire cela ? la petite ange
 “ sa femme.”—“ Nay, he was deceived into
 “ that ; it was his violent, furious love for
 “ her, that made him overcome his reason,
 “ and smother”—“ Eh ! le bon apotre !
 “ *smother*—mais c’est *smother* au de là de
 “ l’expresslon—on ne va pas étrangler ce
 “ qu’on aime—c’est d’aimer à la mode
 “ Angloise—on y reconnoît *l’amour conju-*
 “ *gale*, et ma foi, c’est ce me semble ce
 “ qu’on appelle *consummate* chez les bons
 “ pates de maris”—“ Nay, nay, you do
 “ not see this matter in a proper light.”—
 “ Comment, quand Monsieur Othello crie
 “ à tue tête “ *put out de light*,” comment,
 “ Diable ! peut on voir goutte ?”—“ Well,

“ I see you relish Shakespeare no more
 “ than the rest of your countrymen ;
 “ Othello’s a noble character ! ” — “ Il faut
 “ au moins un cœur de médecin pour tuer
 “ la petite ange.”

The play now went on, and the criticisms ceased. They did not stay the after-piece, but Bruce returned home, after totally forgetting, in the ardour of admiration at his friend Horatio, to mention one syllable concerning Emily.

Bruce, the next morning, set off for Mountbridge ; and, in the evening of that day, Miss Bryant came to London, escorted by Mrs. Ellyson, who, notwithstanding the most pressing solicitations, returned immediately to K——.

G H A P. VI.

Since scant the source of pleasure flows,
 Instruct the fleeting stream to guide;
 To guide, not to confine,
 With every little flower that blows
 Around the variable tide,
 To deck life's sober shrine,
 For every purer joy is thine,
 By thee alone are all our cares redrest,
 True wisdom is the art of being blest.

PINKERTON'S RIMES—*Ode to Science.*

WHEN Bruce set off with Mr. Bryant, they proceeded till they came to Eton, where they alighted; and enquiring for Mr. Harwal, he made his appearance, which was striking, for he had a very fine person, very carelessly dressed. Dr. N. his tutor, was also there. Harwal obtained leave of absence for that day; and with a few of his chums, set off for Lord Warynton's.

Warynton's. They reached the house at ten o'clock ; and as Mr. Bryant had not breakfasted, they called and eat a slight repast at an inn in the neighbourhood ; after which the young gentlemen went by themselves upon a private expedition.

Mr. Harwal, son to Lord Warynton, was at this time just seventeen. He was generally regarded at school as a very idle fellow, for he never attended to his lesson with diligence ; but as he had an astonishing memory, and uncommon brilliancy of parts, application was not so requisite to him as to many others. His early compositions were universally admired for strength of imagination and boldness of expression ; but his negligence and love of pleasure prevented his attaining a steady correctness. His spirit, vivacity, and sweetness of disposition,

sition, had made him the favourite of the whole school ; while his audacity, and skill in mischief, supplied the records of the seminary with matchless instances of intrepid achievement. The good Dr. N. who was very partial to him, often reminded him of Horace's maxim *.

" This licentious extravagance, Tom, will never do. No man arrives at eminence by fortuitous exertions ; the summit of fame is only to be gained by the persevering student ; such a lad never is disappointed, *judavit et alfit* ; while your life consists of nothing but days of supineness, intermingled with some few pauxyffins of meditation." These pompous and salutary counsels were often re-

* *Natura fieret, &c.* Horat. De Arte Poet. v. 408.

peated ;

peated ; and were, unfortunately, often refuted by the sprightly wit of the disciple, for Dr. N. loved to argue with him, though Tom generally got the better.

An excellent copy of Latin verses procured Harwal a present from his master ; it was a little Seneca, a portable edition, which the doctor told him would serve him “ to read for his entertainment in his leisure hours.” Tom bowed, and promised to take care of the book ; he added, “ *that the doctor should always find it in excellent preservation.*” He kept his word, for through the fear of injuring so elegant a volume, and so grave a writer, he put it in paper, *buried* it very securely in a drawer, and wrote upon it *Resurgam*.

Among other useful admonitions which, before his departure for Mountbridge,

Harwal

Harwal received from the doctor, was a strong injunction to frequent the company of such friends as were eminently pious, and who displayed, in their lives and actions, a constant tenour of virtuous inclinations.

“Of all my acquaintance, Sir,” was Harwal’s reply, “I most admire Miss Benwall.” “Indeed! d’ye admire Miss Benwall! Ah! that’s a proof of your good sense and good heart; my dear boy, I’m charm’d to see this! Really now, Tom, if any one can insinuate any adscitious virtues into your juvenile breast, if any one can reclaim that vehement and insatiable demand for tumultuous gratifications, which is *your* principal frailty, Miss Benwall is the person. She promised to visit me; I should be happy to see her.”

“Why,

“ Why, Sir, with submission, I should
 “ think it as well not to ask her to come
 “ here ; but I should be very glad, every
 “ now and then, to pass a few hours at her
 “ house, particularly as I am always sure of
 “ being received there with the greatest
 “ *kindness and friendship.*” “ That’s a fine
 “ opportunity for you, my dear Tom, if you
 “ know how to improve it.” “ Indeed, Sir,
 “ I always do my best.” — “ Well, since I
 “ see you so partial to that excellent wo-
 “ man, you shall have leave of absence very
 “ frequently.” The good doctor kept his
 word ; Harwal went very frequently to
 Miss B.’s, and the doctor talked very loud-
 ly of this young man’s attendance on so
 worthy a woman. Another ludicrous cir-
 cumstance drew the attention of Bruce :
 Dr. N. had a sister, an old dame of the
 most

most implacable and repulsive asperity that can be imagined, she was one of those shallow, yet self important creatures, who suppose peevishness so intimately connected with wisdom, that they ought never to be separated. She therefore detested Harwal for his eternal vivacity, and *inveterate* risibility. She frequently complained of him to the doctor; and the day when Bruce called, declared, in his own presence, that he was past all cure. "I've tried every thing," said she, "to reclaim him; but he still goes on, in spite of my teeth!" "Really, ma'am," said Tom, bowing, "I did not think I had any thing to fear from that quarter."—"There! there's for you," replied Mrs. N. "that's like the wicked and prophane joke he made

"t'other

" t'other day, about Susannah; for he laughs
 " at every body's expence."

When they touched on sacred things, the worthy doctor very properly thought fit to terminate the argument, by giving a verdict against Harwal. " Go, Tom, go
 " and study for an hour or two." " He
 " study!" said Mrs. N. " he a student!—
 " he'll never study as long as he lives."
 " Indeed, ma'am," replied Tom, " I study
 " very hard, for I often sit *pouring over*
 " a composition a whole evening together."

Harwal having obtained permission to make an elopement from Eton, for one day, had invited, with young Bryant, three or four more lads, to dine, and spend a jolly day with him at his father's, before the arrival of the family. They had a handsome dinner, and variety of wines. Tom
 shewed

shewed himself an excellent host; he contributed, by his airy conversation and pleasantry, as well as by promoting the rapid transit of the bottle, to the entertainment of his guests. The "*mad wags*" protracted the banquet to a late hour; and, by ten o'clock at night, grew *tolerably mellow*. Horses and chaises were then ready; and they all dispersed severally, some to school, and some to town. Harwal and another lad got into a chaise, and were proceeding rapidly to Eton, when the motion of the carriage, with poor Harwal's excessive inebriety, produced so violent a sickness, that they were compelled to stop the chaise, and order it to return to Mountbridge. Bruce and two servants took him out of the chaise, and he was carried to bed in a state of insensibility. While they were undressing

ing

ing him, his companion delivered an open letter to Bruce: "When Tom's recovered in the morning," said he, "give him that; it's one of Tillotson's Discourses, which he dropt out of his pocket in the chaise; and this book too. I shall inform Dr. N. that he was seized with a *falling sickness*, and that he will return to Eton in a day or two." The book was an Ovid. The first part of this speech, which mentioned that the paper was one of *Tillotson's Discourses*, Bruce did not perfectly comprehend; but looking into it, he saw it was a letter in a female hand, signed *Elizabeth Tillotson*, the servant of Miss Benwall, who had a villa near Mountbridge. This excited his curiosity, and he read as follows:

VOL. I.

O

" Dear

" Dear and honoured young Gentleman,

" YOU was very good indeed to send
 " me the gifts, and the money; but indeed
 " you are a great deal too good to me.
 " Cousin Peggy says I must not meet you
 " any more at her house, as her husband is
 " frightened lest we should be found out;
 " and if we should, he says that Lord Wa-
 " rynton would ruin him without mercy.
 " Dear Sir, if a poor girl like me loses her
 " character, she is undone. I would do
 " any thing, God he knows, and you know
 " too well, to please you, and to serve you.
 " I've seen *Whistling Dick*, my lord's old
 " servant, whom you spoke to; he says he'll
 " die to serve you; and so I'm sure would
 " any body that knows you, or any ser-
 " vant in my lord's house. Miss Emily,
 " and

“ and the family of the Bryants, with my
 “ lord, and her ladyship, come down in a
 “ few days. Lord blefs me ! if you do love
 “ Miſs Emily, ſure you won’t forget a poor
 “ girl whom you’ve ſaid ſo much to !
 “ They ſay that Lord Spelman is deſigned
 “ for Miſs Emily. Excuse me, dear and
 “ honoured Sir, this bad writing, from
 “ your’s till death,

“ Elizabeth Tillotſon.”

This epiſtle, which informed Bruce how
 many rivals he had to contend with, was
 carefully replaced in Mr. Harwal’s pocket;
 and he then retired to reſt, meditating on
 ſchemes for his future proſperity.



O 2

C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even shadows have their shadows too.

CHURCHILL'S ROSCIAD.

Men of a susceptible nature, the prey of successive emotions, for ever happy or miserable in extremes, often capricious and inconsistent, ought to cherish their lucid intervals, and dwell upon, and treasure up in their minds, these maxims of wisdom and of virtue that in times of internal tumult may assuage their disorder, and administer peace to their souls.

RICHARDSON'S *Analysis of some characters in Shakspeare*, p. 88.

BRUCE had remained in the country above a week, in expectation of Lady Bryant's arrival; and the day was now come, on which the families of the Bryants and the Waryntons were to visit Mountbridge. It was time for Bruce to consider in what way he should discover

ver himself to Emily; or by what artifice he should, if possible, still conceal himself, even from her recognition. He began now to ask, what he had before omitted to inquire of his own heart, whether he should have resolution to persuade her to elope with him; and, what was of still further importance, whether a young woman of her high breeding, and delicate mind, would consent to such a hasty union. He knew she loved him; and he well knew that female affections, when settled on one object, are indissolubly firm. No dangers terrify, no temptations allure, no caprices influence, no tyranny subdues, the mind of a woman who is won by tenderness and attached by principle: he had every thing, therefore, to expect from her constancy, her prudence, and her virtue. Some plan must

now be laid, to acknowledge himself, without too suddenly surprising her; and care must be taken, that when she had perceived the ardour and fidelity of his passion, that when she had admired his resolution, and pardoned his freedom, the proofs of kindness and condescension she might show him, should not be witnessed by the family. A scheme for their mode of life he had already formed: they were to retire into the country; he would write to his father, own the *sin of clandestine marriage*, prevail upon him, if possible, to hear and forgive; not only to receive his prodigal son, but to "*kill the fatted calf.*" Miss Bryant's fortune was very large; but his own, in some measure, depended upon the will of his father, Sir Stephen Bruce, who had not been very liberal, or very regular. He laid great

2

stresses,

stress, in his own mind, upon the marriage, when performed, being irretrievable; and he presumed, that seeing it could not be altered, his father and Sir Edward Bryant would vouchsafe their forgiveness.

These reflections naturally led him to anticipate the felicity which he should enjoy with Emily in so desirable a union, a union founded only upon love; love, neither warped by *prudence*, nor weakened by *safety*. He represented, to his romantic imagination, the charms of rural employment, and innocent recreation. Domestic ease would be accompanied by harmless plenty; the sports of the field would relieve the pleasures of the table; and the delights arising from sentiment and fondness, would be properly contrasted by the social and manly exercises which the country more particu-

larly affords. A numerous and lovely progeny might perhaps cement the ties of conjugal intercourse, and transmit to their descendants the honourable record of a happy pair, who loved with vehemence, and married with resolution. His own former *juvenilities* would be abjured and forgotten; and all future irregularities would be prevented, by the beauty of his wife, the care of his children, the novelty of his amusements, and the importance of his situation. They were then, at the death of his father, to remove to town; his daughters were to be graces, and his sons to be statesmen. He had determined his third son should study; his fourth should travel; and, for the rest, the army and navy afforded an ample provision. He hoped never to outlive his wife; one tomb might receive their ashes,

and

and tell every casual passenger the excessive ardour, and the uncommon longevity, of their mutual passion. On the marble should be inscribed, not the date of their deaths, but the account of their loves; and posterity should hail the constancy and affection, so delightfully blended in the family of Bruce.

Such were the meditations of this fervent admirer, when he was interrupted by the arrival of a man, who rode up, and, ringing violently at the gate, desired to see Mr. Bryant, as he had a message for him. The man was ordered to alight; and Mr. Bryant, when sought for, was, after some time, found fishing in a distant part of the grounds. He came back to the house, and Bruce introduced the man, who told him, that Sir Edward desired him to come immediately

mediately to town; that none of the party would leave London, as Lady Warynton and Lady Spelman were with his mother; and that Lord Warynton and Lord Spelman were both gone, with Sir Edward Bryant, in search of Miss Emily, who, after remaining in London eight days, had abruptly left her father's house that morning.

The countenance of Bruce would have betrayed him, even to a common observer, but Mr. Bryant's curiosity absorbed his faculties till the narrative was finished; he then seemed pretty well composed, and calmly observing, "Pon my honour, that's "rather a droll affair!" he ordered his horses; told Bruce to get ready to accompany him, as well as his own servant; and then went to look for the fish which he had taken.

Bruce

Bruce was really in a dreadful agitation of mind; he had fallen, *from the summit of empyrean felicity, to the gulph of hopeless despair.* He inquired the particulars of the story; the man was ignorant of all but what he had told. The unfortunate lover was therefore obliged to content himself, for the present, in a state of suspense!

He now, for the first time, felt the hardships of his situation; he viewed his livery as a badge of servitude, and as a reproach to his family; he resented the freedoms of his fellow servants, and of Mr. Bryant, who, when the messenger arrived, was preparing to think of dinner, it being then near five o'clock. As they mounted, he inquired the hour: "She was missed, Sir," said Bruce, "just after nine."

On their journey, Mr. Bryant called out,
 "I'm

“ I’m certain my mare has had an accident.” “ Yes, Sir,” replied Bruce, “ she dropped her fan in the library; and “ left her watch under her pillow, where “ she put it when she went to bed.”

C H A P.

C H A P. VIII.

I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well plac'd words of glozing courtesy,
 Baited with reasons ~~not~~ unplaussible,
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares.

COMUS.

THE train of events which had produced Miss Bryant's elopement, are now to be related. When she left Lady Hyndley, she remained but a short time at Sir Edward Bryant's, for her situation in that house was not very agreeable. Many reasons concurred to render her unhappy. Sir Edward's raillery, Lady Bryant's caprice, and the frequent interference of an impertinent woman, who was much liked by Lady Bryant, and made a very ill use of her influence

fluence in the family, by suggesting every species of conduct which could destroy Emily's happiness, and by producing endless differences between her mother and herself. This person was Lady Warynton, who was perpetually at Sir Edward's. There is not a character more uniformly unprincipled, or more flagitiously impudent, than the intruder on domestic peace. Lady Warynton slighted all considerations, except those which related to her power and consequence. Her husband I have described, a noble and generous patron, yet a man of intrigue. She never was displeased at his amours; for as love had the least share of Lady Warynton's heart, she did not exact it from others. To Emily she had ever shewn a determined antipathy, excited by the lustre of her beauty, the keenness of her
 reply,

reply, and the variety of her accomplishments.

Sir Edward, when disengaged from luxury, had a great regard for his daughter; but there was ever displayed in his conduct towards her a mixture of supercilious generosity, which seemed to proceed rather from the sense of parental duty, than the warmth of real fondness. He sometimes admired her qualities, and praised her with the utmost politeness and formality. At other times, he attacked any little errors with all the vivid asperity of wit and sarcasm. It was remarkable, that instead of bestowing upon her those domestic epithets, "*My dear—My Emily—Child*"—&c. &c. He always called her "*My friend!*"—or "*Miss Emily.*" His love of raillery was, however, so strong, that people ceased wondering

dering when they began to know him more intimately. Lady Bryant's versatility of inclination was intolerable ; and her peevish vexation at Emily's pre-eminence in every point, amounted sometimes to fixed antipathy ; and a quarrel frequently arose on the subject, between Sir Edward and her ladyship.

In the midst of these domestic feuds, a new acquaintance betrayed Emily into the situation which is so frequently embraced by heroes and heroines of fantastic romance.

Henry Albin was one of the most dangerous characters that deprave the morals, and destroy the interests, of society. His reputation was supported by an ostentatious piety, which he displayed, every week, in a regular attendance at church ; and his exterior

prior deportment perpetually manifested a
pure and upright heart. But his private life
 was polluted with excesses of almost every
 kind. Skilful fraud, and luxurious gratifi-
 cation, constituted the vicissitude of his ne-
 farious employments; and it was perhaps
 difficult to say by which species of villainy
 the greatest numbers had been undone, by
 the allurements of his house, or by the suc-
 cess of his private rapine. His fortune
 was immensely large; his connections were
 with people of rank, and frequently with
 people of virtue. His wife was a woman
 of equal skill, and, if possible, of worse prin-
 ciples. The lustre of youth and beauty
 added fresh power to her insidious wiles;
 and so totally was her mind estranged from
 every sense of honour and delicacy, that she
 never scrupled to become the infamous pro-

moter of her husband's intrigues. Some
 passages in Albin's life had been carefully
 detected, and would have been properly
 exposed, but he appeased the fury of his
 persecutors by complying with their de-
 mands of exorbitant bribery. His style of
 living, which was uncommonly gay, threw
 a splendour round the name and character
 of a man whose manners were easy and
 refined; and his perpetual appearance at
 church on the sabbath, and on the princi-
 pal feasts and fasts, with a grave face, and
 a decent behaviour, had, with some of the
 blind bigots to extrinsic piety, totally ex-
 punged from his reputation those foul blots
 with which it had been tainted. His
 bounty to the poor was very great. He
 subscribed to hospitals, encouraged beggars,
 and had always a numerous train of those
gentlemen

gentlemen pensioners who “ take no thought
 “ for the morrow.” By these magnificent
 donations, however, he really did much
 good ; and many families were rescued from
 ruin, many useful institutions supported,
 and much real benevolence excited in others,
 by the example of a benefactor, who was
 otherwise the vilest of mankind.

Amongst the victims to Albin’s licen-
 tiousness, was a young girl named Millar,
 who was cousin to Mrs. Lewiston, woman
 to Lady Bryant. Millar had been some
 time forsaken ; and, after becoming the
 prey of her seducer, was, with the infamous
 barbarity, and unprincipled villainy, which
 too often attend the gaiety of a libertine,
 turned over to the bounty and the cruelty
 of successive profligates : she was devoted
 to indigence and infamy ; but the kindness

of Mrs. Lewston rescued her from destruction.

Albin had met, admired, and at last ardently loved, Miss Bryant. He wished for her acquaintance; and would have introduced himself to her family, but feared that his wishes might, from such an intimacy, be disappointed. He knew not to what new artifice he should have recourse; when he at length received a letter from Mrs. Lewston, who, after reproaching him with the ruin of her cousin, solicited, or rather demanded, a proper relief, in the situation to which she was then reduced; and concluded by desiring him to direct his answer to her at Sir Edward Bryant's. His astonishment and delight, at this intelligence, were equally powerful. He wrote word that " he was highly sensible how ill her

" cousin

“ coufin had been treated; that he had
 “ long since *renounced all the pomps and va-*
 “ *nities of this wicked world, with all the sin-*
 “ *ful lusts of the flesh*; that he hoped his
 “ heavenly Father would forget what had
 “ passed between him and Kitty, as he was
 “ now become a new man, pure and un-
 “ defiled. To shew his reformation was
 “ sincere, he inclosed a twenty pound note,
 “ which he desired her to accept, and beg-
 “ ged to speak to Mrs. Lewiston, at his
 “ own house, before eight o’clock that
 “ evening.”

The woman’s heart overflowed with
 pleasure at the supposed remorse and bounty
 of Albin. She concealed it from her cou-
 fin, and was punctually at Albin’s by eight
 o’clock. She was introduced to him alone.
 Mrs. Albin was out; and he had dined

early, that he might be at leisure to negotiate the business of the evening. He testified "excess of happiness and shame" at meeting this *good* woman." He talked over the beauty of her cousin, and her fine temper; but lamented that she should have lost her influence over his heart at a time when he was the most constant creature alive. He then proceeded to flatter Mrs. Lewston; commended her generosity to Kitty Millar; poured forth a lively panegyric upon her fidelity, diligence, skill, and propriety of behaviour in the place which she now occupied: he congratulated her upon her situation; talked of Sir Edward Bryant's pleasantry, and Lady Bryant's fashionable refinements; and thus, by a natural gradation, he made the tenour of the conversation arrive at Miss Emily.

Before

Before Mrs. Lewiston's arrival, some exquisite cates, and delicious *liqueurs*, had been carefully provided. Of these she plentifully partook; and in two hours grew so communicative, that Albin, who treated her as his most familiar friend, was soon possessed of all the information he could possibly wish for. She was overpowered by the blaze of magnificence in his house, and the charms of condescension in himself; and before she left him, thought he was not *quite so culpable* in the seduction of her cousin, but that Kitty was naturally abandoned, and justly deserted.

Albin learned the whole story of Bruce's attachment to Emily, as well as many others, not much worth relating; the letters he had written, the secrecy he had observed, and the refusal he had received from

Miss Bryant, were all detailed, with many idle interpolations, and conjectural falsehoods. The principal facts, however, were pretty accurately stated; and of these, Albin took all profitable advantages. By a few rich presents he won the heart of Mrs. Lewston, whose principles of integrity were so very old, that she herself thought them now quite superannuated, and chose to employ them no longer.

He then promised an ample provision for her cousin; and pleaded his wife in excuse for not taking her again. He hinted, very delicately, his respect for Miss Bryant, and his fears lest she should be induced to *do any thing amiss*. “ He had apprehensions
 “ about this Bruce; he knew him well, and
 “ was sure he was not at Oxford; he had
 “ a letter of his in his possession; and if
 6 “ Mrs.

“ Mrs. Lewston would use her endeavours: “ to procure another, should be glad to “ compare the hand-writing.” Mrs. Lewston promised every thing; and after once or twice more sacrificing to “ *plumpy Bacchus with pink eye,*” she appointed a meeting in two days, and tottered home.

Lady Bryant was at a rout; and Lewston, who was not quite in a situation to receive her at her return, went to bed; leaving another female to attend her mistress, and declared she was very ill.

Her ladyship was very fond of this woman. She had lived with her many years; had never openly committed any misdeed to forfeit her favour, but had served her (as Lady Bryant supposed) with zeal and fidelity. Her honesty was, however, really not great. She was disliked by the domestics

for

for her ill temper; but she preserved the friendship of the butler, and therefore, when offended by the rest, she retired to her own room, and *swallowed* the affront.

Emily was very partial to her; and in the hour of gloom and disappointment, when she had been harrassed by her mother, laughed at by her father, and irritated by the impertinence of Lady Warynton, she would repair to Mrs. Lewston's room, and with many tears lament the cruelty of fortune, and the caprices of her family. She had no friend she could trust; and that weakness of judgment, which is incurred by vexation and adversity, often betrayed her to make a confidante of Mrs. Lewston; to relate her sorrows, and confess her passions; to put herself in the power of one

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who

who had no attachment, no sincerity, no discernment, no sensibility, no education.

These are some, among the many dreadful evils which arise from the unpardonable negligence of parents, in their domestic regulations. In parental duty, the art of *making home comfortable* holds a very high place; and those who carelessly, or purposely, omit this important requisite to the welfare of their children, are certainly answerable for every folly, and every crime, which they are led to commit, by any corrupt society into which they have been driven.

The implicit reliance with which the whole family regarded Mrs. Lewston, gave her many opportunities of admission to the cabinets and drawers of the two ladies. She soon found means to purloin three or four
of

of Bruce's early letters, which she speedily conveyed to Albin, who rewarded her assiduity with additional benefactions.

Of the hand-writing, the style, and some other necessary circumstances, Albin soon made himself master; and then forwarded his plot, with a skill and perseverance not to be excelled. . . He wrote several letters in Bruce's hand to Miss Bryant; announced his own supposed departure from Oxford; repeated his declarations of love; and added, that his friend Mr. Albin had some knowledge of their mutual regard; that he was a man of the highest honour; and that, could he (Bruce) venture to town, where he was afraid to shew himself, lest his father should discover him, he would have requested the honour of seeing her for a few minutes at Mr. Albin's house. The letter continued for
some.

some pages in a strain of fondness and anxiety; concluding without any hint at what was mentioned in a future epistle. It was sealed with Bruce's seal, as he had one cut in imitation of what was upon the letters, and conveyed to Emily by the care of Mrs. Lewiston.

The surprise and delight of Emily, at hearing from her admirer, carried her beyond the limits of propriety. She listened with pleasure to the eulogiums which Lewiston lavished upon the generosity of the Albins; and was at length persuaded, in one of the airings which she sometimes took with this woman, to make them a visit. They received her with a respect that flattered, and a cordiality that charmed her. She promised to repeat her visits; and after
being

being gratified by an account of Albin's acquaintance with Bruce, she returned home, charmed with the most sanguine prospects of probable felicity.



END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



THE
AMICABLE QUIXOTE;
OR,
THE ENTHUSIASM
OF
FRIENDSHIP.

VOL. II.

THE
AMICABLE QUIXOTE,
OR,
THE ENTHUSIASM
OF
FRIENDSHIP.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Who knows the joys of Friendship?
The trust, security, and mutual tenderness?
The double joys, where each is glad for both?
Friendship our only wealth, our last retreat and strength,
Secure against ill fortune and the world.

Rowe, *Fair Penitent*.

L O N D O N:
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M.DCC,LXXXVIII.

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THE
AMICABLE QUIXOTE.

CHAP. IX.

Every part of the world shoots up daily into more subtilty: the very spider weaves her cauls with more art and cunning to intrap the fly.

The shallow ploughman can distinguish now
'Twixt simple truth and a dissembling brow.
Your base mechanic fellow can spy out
A weakness in a Lord and learns to flout.

A mad world, my masters,

by THOMAS MIDDLETON.

Le sentiment de l'indépendance étant un des premiers instincts de l'homme, celui qui joint, à la jouissance de ce droit primitif, la sûreté morale d'une subsistance suffisante, est incomparablement plus heureux que
Vol. II. B l'homme

AB
X

l'homme riche, environné de loix, de maîtres, de préjugés, & de modes qui lui font sentir à chaque instant la perte de sa liberté.

RAYNAL HIST. PHILOS. DES INDES,
Tom. VIII. Liv. 17. (Edit. 1780.)

THE friendship and the confidence of Emily Bryant was thus completely secured by the Albins. Her partiality for Bruce was confirmed by his apparent fidelity, and augmented by the possibility of again receiving him in the character of an honourable lover and a tried friend. The hospitable beneficence, the ingenuous freedom, and the zealous attachment of Mr. Albin, were only to be excelled by the sprightly manners, the refined elegance, and the solicitous tenderness of his wife.

The superb arrangement of their house and table at least equalled the splendour, to which Emily had been accustomed; and the

the very great distinction with which she was received, whenever she honoured them with a visit, flattered her consequence and soothed her sorrows. Mr. Albin recounted, at various times, the delight he had received, from his intimacy with Bruce. He extolled him with all the fervour of lavish panegyric. He praised his person, his bravery, his accomplishments. He said the world had indeed sometimes called him profligate, but with too much severity, for his heart had only been too capable of receiving soft and tender impressions. That he was envied by the men because he was beloved by the women, and that he was beloved by the women because he was envied by the men. He always concluded his elogy by observing, that Bruce had no fault but *inconstancy*; that his affection for

B 2

women

women was excessive, but that he loved the sex rather than the individual.

Emily repaid his applause with a tear of gratitude, but it sprung sometimes from a joyful estimate of Bruce's worth, and sometimes from excess of hopeless disapprobation. Of his accusations respecting Bruce's failings she often knew the truth, and oftener feared it. But she cultivated the opinion which is so prevalent, and certainly so ruinous to female happiness, that giddy pleasure, and luxurious folly, take their rise only in a generous and noble mind; and it was her pride that the man, who had been loved by so many women, should so long continue her slave.

Mrs. Albin played a part in the drama with equal diligence and success. "She had long wished for the honour of Miss

“ Bryant’s acquaintance. Highly sensible
 “ of her superiority in rank, in opulence,
 “ in taste, and in beauty, she yet more ad-
 “ mired her for the exemplary goodness,
 “ and patient equanimity, with which she
 “ had borne some disagreeable occurrences
 “ in her own family. To the insolent in-
 “ trusions, and ill-suited admonitions, of
 “ Lady Warynton, the whole world had
 “ been long witness. She was infamous
 “ for promoting domestic unhappiness;
 “ that is, for making matches, as well as
 “ breaking them; for destroying the peace
 “ of families by innovation, and by pre-
 “ venting every union wherein she was not
 “ consulted. Mrs. Albin spoke merely
 “ from her affection, she might say, to Miss
 “ Emily, and she expressed the warmest,
 “ the most unlimited gratitude for the ob-
 “ ligation

"ligation she felt in receiving the visits of
 "so amiable a woman." Never was the
 speech of Lady Macbeth to Duncan so skill-
 fully parodied :

" All our service

" In every point twice done, and then done double,

" Were poor and single business to contend

" Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith

" Your Majesty loads our house."

If her expressions were not so eloquent,
 her designs were at least as destructive.

But the most dexterous exertions of
 Mrs. Albin's policy were yet to come,
 and it was not till she had fully attained
 an influence over Miss Bryant's heart, that
 she ventured to attempt a more sentimental
 villainy. A very short time rendered her
 entirely the confidant of her credulous
 victim, and from that time she began to
 praise,

praise, with invariable zeal and artifice, the virtues and attractions of her husband, Mr. Albin.

Emily re-echoed her encomiums with sincerity and delight. She really felt for these two people all the sensations of gratitude and fondness. She beheld them as the tutelary powers who were to befriend her lover and protect herself. Persons of their wealth could not be swayed by selfish motives. She had seen them very frequently, and had always found them beneficent to others and happy in themselves. Mrs. Lewston, who was her mother's invariable privy-counsellor, the prime minister and, approved agent in her most important concerns, she had introduced them to her as the benefactors and friends of her beloved Bruce.

Superadded to all this, she found the hours glide away at Mr. Albin's in a perpetual tenour of sprightly amusement and elegant levity. Every species of diversion was cultivated to attract her regard, and the refined pleasures of taste and sentiment won her esteem and animated her sensibility.

It may reasonably be asked how Emily obtained such liberty as frequently to receive these instances of Mr. Albin's respect and of Mrs. Albin's affection. It seems unaccountably strange that a young unmarried lady of rank should be so much her own mistress as to dispose of her time, to regulate her visits, and to choose her acquaintance, without consulting her family or friends. That she should go twice or three times in a week privately, accom-

panied

panied only by her attendant, Mrs. Lewston, and that no enquiry should be made by her mother concerning Emily's amusements when she herself was abroad. The solution of these difficulties confirms that distinguished feature in the character of Lady Bryant, who, as she was one of the most beautiful and most elegant women ever seen, was also one of the most jealous lest her daughter's attractions should turn the stream of admiration out of its accustomed course. She considered that those years which increased Emily's beauty, more than matured her own. She found that in public she would soon be in danger of reverence rather than of love. She therefore determined to confine her daughter to scenes of more domestic pastime, and had so entirely lost off introducing her
 into

into public company, that she seldom or ever was seen abroad. Such a privation of the pleasures she was entitled to by her birth, her fortune, and her demeanour, was endured by Emily with patient obedience. She went frequently to pass some weeks with Mrs. Ellyson, and her private hours at home she employed in exercising those talents which an excellent education had before completed. But the fabulous return of Bruce interrupted the regularity of her studies and the tranquillity of her amusements. She recollected the homage she received when she was abroad, she consulted her glass, examined her countenance, recognized her beauty, and began to urge loudly her injured claims to liberty and admiration. Sir Edward now interfered, but so feebly that the utmost licence he

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could

could obtain from his despotic wife, in behalf of his oppressed daughter, was the freedom of private excursions with Mrs. Lewiston, on condition of being so humbly dressed that no one should know the daughter of Sir Edward Bryant. Thus driven from the line in society to which she was bred, she had little, except the delight derived from her accomplishments; to gratify her mind, but the solitary consolation and the illiterate society of Mrs. Lewiston, an inferior and a domestic. With this woman she went frequently to walk, to take an airing, to purchase implements for drawing, music, and other toys and trifles. Her apparel was all bought by Lady Bryant, with a careful and cautious preclusion of every article that might decorate her beauty; and, to shew how petty passions may lead to

to the commission of the blackest crimes, Lady Bryant, in reply to the few inquiries which were made after her daughter, caused a report to be circulated which hinted at a too great partiality towards the other sex. This falshood, which was hid from Emily, preserved Lady Bryant from the censure of the world. Whenever her daughter was mentioned *she bedewed the well-coined falsehood* with her tears. The world, ever ready to commiserate the sufferings of a parent, think it impossible so near a relation can sully the character of a child by studied defamation. To such hasty fautors of immutable rectitude, I submit the contemplation of Lady Bryant's character ; a woman not naturally bad, but tempted to this exquisite species of lurking villainy by self-love and jealous apprehension.

C H A P.

C H A P. X.

I have heard an observation, which was made by some one of later days, that there are no worse men than bad authors. A remark of the same kind hath been made on ugly women; and the truth of both stands on one and the same reason, viz. that they are both tainted with that cursed and detestable vice of Envy; which, as it is the greatest torment to the mind it inhabits, so it is capable of introducing into it a total corruption, and of inspiring it to the commission of the most horrid crimes imaginable.

*Fielding's Journey from this World
to the next, Chap. 24.*

THE family of Miss Bryant having thus, as Othello emphatically expresses it,

“ Whistled her off, and let her down the wind.

“ To prey at fortune,”

she was now tied to the company of Mrs. Lewiston, with whom Albin soon after claimed an acquaintance. From this
time

time the society of Emily was improved, and her pleasures augmented. Instead of passing her time in a dull course of solitary avocations, in a house where she was neither respected nor entertained, she rose in an instant to love, splendour, and consequence. From dinner till night she passed two or three evenings in every week at Albin's; as she made no addition to her dress, and went always with Mrs. Lewiston, the place of appointment was never suspected.

About this time Lady Warynton, whose house was a *marriage market*, where she had brought together above twenty couples who scarcely met afterwards, planned a match between Emily and Lord Spelman. I have before mentioned, that Lord Spelman renewed his acquaintance with the
Bryants,

Bryants, because he wished to see their daughter, and if he found her a proper object for the attention of a man of rank, he fully purposed paying her his addresses. All this was however unknown to Lady Warynton, who had no other view in the scheme than to make herself of weight and importance, to carry on the trade of *interference*, which she had so long maintained, and to have a fresh opportunity of appearing the author of two young people's union. The happiness of either party had little share in the design; for if she could have married them to any body else, her ends might have been as well answered. She opened her mind to Lady Bryant, who at first opposed it with much vehemence, then changed her opinion, and finally left it in suspense. This was sufficient for

Lady

Lady Warynton: she wanted neither immediate consent, nor speedy decision. She repaired to Emily to tell her the business, without first acquainting her mother that she intended it, and entered her closet as she was writing a letter to Bruce: "My
 " dear Miss Bryant, I am really grieved
 " to see you so perpetually immured; but
 " come, don't despair; better days may
 " happen, and I hope will, ay, and that
 " very soon. Do you know, Emily, that
 " I have been endeavouring to prevail on
 " your mother to set you free, and to place
 " you in a situation more fit for the daughter
 " of Sir Edward Bryant. Well, shall
 " I tell you all? She has consented, and
 " we shall soon have the happy day. I'll
 " be there, Emily, indeed I will. I'll assist.
 " You know I love you, else indeed I had
 not

" not taken all this trouble to help you.—
 " Well, what d'ye say? Are you not very
 " glad? Are you not obliged to me? I'm
 " sure I should feel myself highly indebted
 " to you on the same occasion: and then,
 " you know, what a delightful thing to be
 " mistress of one's own time, and to possess
 " all the privileges I have obtained for
 " you. You shall make me your constant
 " companion, my dear, as soon as it once
 " happens; I'll be often with you, and we
 " will go every where, and do every thing.
 " You know how you was entertained last
 " year, when I took you to the Opera?—
 " Don't you remember the duet between
 " Mara and the Rubinelli? Yes, Emily,
 " yes, we'll be always together, we will,
 " my dear creature!"——

VOL. II.

C

In

In this strain of empty babble did Lady Warynton proceed for above twenty minutes. Emily sat wondering; but, when she had quite done, expressed her thanks for the kind intention of procuring an enlargement. She hoped the time would not be very long before it took place; she should be ever sensible of Lady Warynton's goodness, and would take care to merit it by a proper use of her liberty. *Lady W.* "I have no doubt but that you'll behave admirably; and I assure you, Lord Spelman deserves all your tenderness, for he'll make an excellent husband." *Emily.* "Husband!"—"Yes, my dear, I was going to tell you, but you would not give me time; indeed you should not make me talk so much, for it fatigues
 2) "me

" me dreadfully ; I am now so ill with this
 " great exertion, that I can hardly speak.
 " Hear me, I'm as hoarse as an oboe out
 " of tune—I dare say I could not sing
 " now."—" Dear Lady Warynton, go on
 " with what you mentioned ; surely you
 " did not speak of a husband."—" Not
 " speak of a husband, my dear ! Indeed I
 " did, and intend that you shall speak with
 " one—a fine tall, small, young, pretty,
 " fine, fiery, indefcribable man ; none of
 " your—but, however, you shall see him.
 " The friend that I recommend to you,
 " Miss Bryant, is elegant, is proper, is to
 " be esteemed, to be looked up to ; he is
 " every thing that is *covetable* ; he is so
 " refined, so graceful, so well-bred—in
 " short, so much my friend that he can
 " hardly fail of success. As to Lady Bry-

"ant, she'll soon come into it; and if she
 "does not, why, you and I know that
 "must be managed."——Emily trembled
 with apprehension: "If you are my
 "friend, Lady Warynton, oblige me by
 "explaining what you can possibly mean
 "in all this; who is this third person you
 "speak of so ambiguously, and whom I
 "have scarcely heard named? Tell me
 "all, I implore you; and let me know if
 "the conditions of my present deliverance
 "are to be such as must totally destroy all
 "possibility of future happiness."—"My
 "dear Emily, you are so hasty: can you
 "not rely upon my word? He is young
 "and handsome, and has a very large for-
 "tune; besides, his rank, which is superior
 "to your's, is to be considered: O! I think
 "it's the properest thing in the world, I
 "assure

“ assure you ; and if you would take my
 “ opinion, he is the very man. Come,
 “ come, you would very well become the
 “ title of Lady Spelman.” — “ Good God !
 “ Madam, is *that* the design ? — To marry
 “ me ! — to marry me to Lord Spel-
 “ man ! ” — Her tears, which flowed in
 abundance, prevented her utterance ; and
 Lady Warynton, who had neither sensi-
 bility to feel nor sense to comprehend her
 griefs, was amazed at her agitation. At
 last Emily recovered herself and was going
 to speak — “ Pray, my dear,” said Lady
 Warynton, “ is not that a new cap of your’s ?
 “ I protest it’s pretty — pray, now, this
 “ blond, what did it cost a yard ? I saw
 “ Lady H. in one, last night, at the Ridotto,
 “ which was much prettier ; but really you
 “ seem to know the fashion pretty well for

“one who never goes out.” “I spoke,”
 replied Emily, “on a more serious subject,
 “and I hoped that your ladyship would
 “have attended to me.”—“O Lord! ay,
 “true, child—your husband—your hus-
 “band that is to be: well, come, I anti-
 “cipate your surprize—these are what I
 “suppose you call *tears of joy*: well, hea-
 “ven be praised, I never knew either
 “tears of joy or sorrow, so that I can’t
 “tell the difference—Well, but Lord Spel-
 “man—yes, Emily, he is the man—my
 “friend Lord Spelman is to make you
 “happy—Bless me! what ails you? Nay,
 “nay, never fear, we shall soon bring
 “Lady Bryant to consent.”—“Madam,”
 interrupted Emily, “I do not wish her to
 “consent, I find you very much mistake
 “me. Why am I to marry Lord Spel-
 “man,

“ man, or any other man, without being
 “ first previously consulted ? ” — “ What did
 “ you say, my dear ? ” said Lady Warynton :
 “ did not I hear something about *consulted* ? ”
 “ It was more than I did, Madam,” re-
 plied Emily. — “ And more than you ought
 “ to hear, child — *Consult* ! — heaven and
 “ earth ! — consult a girl of eighteen about
 “ marriage ! — a girl of eighteen pretend to
 “ judge about marriage ! — Why, my pretty
 “ one, I shall expect to see you pay the
 “ national debt — certainly a person of your
 “ prodigious discernment may accomplish
 “ so easy a task without much difficulty.”
 “ Do me the favour,” said Emily, “ do
 “ me the favour, my good Lady Waryn-
 “ ton, to recollect that your friend Mr.
 “ Temple has described a certain sort of
 “ people who attempt ridicule, without
 C 4 “ succeeding,

“succeeding, under the name of *pseudo-*
 “*sneerers*; they have the exclusive privi-
 “lege of *raillery* without offence, because
 “they are as little understood by others as
 “by themselves.”—“Thou most insolent
 “young creature!” replied her ladyship—
 “d’ye suppose he could have the pertness
 “to mean me?”—“Probably not, Madam,
 “for he said nothing about the imperti-
 “nence of intruders.”—“I don’t under-
 “stand you, Miss Bryant.”—“Then I
 “commend your ladyship’s prudence more
 “than I do your penetration.”—“You
 “are very saucy, Emily; but I see your
 “drift—Come, child, you had better make
 “a friend of me—you know that my in-
 “terest in your family is very great—I
 “have a voice, Miss Bryant, I have a
 “voice!”—“Yes, Madam, and not a
 “very

“very persuasive one.”—“You shall see
 “that, Madam—we will try whether your
 “friends can listen to reason better than
 “yourself.”—“Madam,” said Emily, “I
 “am not to be sold.”——“*Sold!*—what
 “d’ye mean, girl?—*Sold!*”—repeated Lady
 Warynton. “You ought to understand; Miss
 “Bryant, that I know the management of
 “those affairs as well as any body—I was
 “not *sold*, Miss Bryant.”—“No, Ma-
 “dam,” replied Emily, “the estate was
 “given for a title, and Lady Warynton
 “was the only incumbrance.”

The discourse was now interrupted by a
 short pause: the direct speeches of Emily
 had been very unwelcome to the dignity
 of Lady Warynton; but the last was, from
 its truth and strength, a perfect stroke of
 electricity. “Since you are so unfit to be
 “let

“let loose upon society, Miss Bryant, I
 “shall counsel your mother to tighten her
 “chains; and I will tell her that, in any
 “proposal of marriage, you expect to be
 “consulted,”—“So do you, Lady Waryn-
 “ton: but, perhaps, we may both be dis-
 “appointed. However, I fancy you’ll find
 “my consent necessary.”

“Your consent!—*yours*!—I should as
 “soon think of asking your consent to *bury*
 “you as to *marry* you.—What are you,
 “pray, more than others? I never had my
 “consent asked; no, I was too obedient:
 “I know my duty so well, that I can lay
 “my hand upon my heart, and say, I did
 “not care two-pence for my husband be-
 “fore I married him.”——“Nor since,
 “Lady Warynton, or the world wrongs
 “you most egregiously; you have been a
 “most

“most *constant* wife!”—“I shall take care
 “that this flippancy hurts no one else,
 “child—you are fit for no one’s company
 “but your own.”—“I wish I could pre-
 “vail on your ladyship to think so.”—
 “No, I have still such a respect for your
 “family, that I will even expose myself to
 “your affronts to effect a match which I
 “know is for your good. No one in the
 “house would treat me with so much un-
 “becoming freedom, Emily, as you do:
 “and pray now, let me ask you one se-
 “rious question; What can it be to me
 “whether you marry or live single? Have
 “I any interest in seeing you settled for
 “life? Can you, upon seriously weighing
 “the matter, suppose that I have the most
 “distant prospect of deriving any advantage
 “from your union?”

Just

Just at the middle of this speech, in came Lady Spelman. "Indeed, Lady Warynton, you are very right—I'm quite of your opinion—what was you saying? but, however, it's no matter, for I'm sure the remark, whatever it was, was perfectly just; of that I am a living witness."

L. W. I was telling this young lady, that the best thing for her——

L. S. Ay sure, it is the best thing for her—O it's a clear case—How came she to doubt it?—I'm quite surprised, my dear Miss Bryant, that you should not see it in its proper light; the propriety of it strikes me so forcibly, that I think it cannot be denied.

L. W. It is vain for me to argue, Emily, if you won't use your own reason.

Em.

Em. Then it will be vain for you to argue indeed, Madam.

L. W. How she answers me! Why are young people so averse to being ruled, Lady Spelman?

Em. Because old people, Madam, are so forward to govern.

L. W. Still obstinate! Really, girl, it is very strange; but, however, I shall not give the point up: I've brought more difficult things to bear.

L. S. Ah, your ladyship's very great in these matters.

L. W. O dear, Ma'am, it's astonishing! Why I had last year eight matches upon my hands—I'm never free—I have now got two weddings in the womb, which I hope will prosper.

Em. Your ladyship may as well renounce

nounce all right to the disposal of my hand, your endeavours will be fruitless.

L. W. Not so much so, child, as you think. No, no, I've seen much more improbable things happen.

Em. What, did your ladyship then ever behave with propriety in a matter of this kind?

L. W. I'll tell you, Emily, and I'll tell Lady Spelman, there are few undertakings of this nature for the public good, which I have not atchieved, let them have been ever so intricate, and the parties ever so adverse. There was about two years since I married young Pembroke, the most elegant creature I ever saw, to old Miss Bathsheba of the Minories. It is true, she had a wry nose; but what did that signify, she had an immense fortune to adorn the defect; and

if

if she had a *stony* nose; she had a *Jew's* eye. They married, and live very happily, I suppose. Then there was another Jew too, old Mr. Cripple-gate of Crotch'd Friars, who turned Christian, and wanted very much to marry before he died, that he might make his peace with Heaven: this was the properest man in the world for my young friend Miss Clavile, who had no fortune, though she had a great deal of beauty, was just nineteen, and was of high descent; but, you know, what's blood and beauty, without one circulates and t'other shines abroad? Well, I introduced 'em; poor Clavile was at first very unwilling to marry, but, however, I talked to her seriously; I spoke of Mr. Cripple-gate's worth, mentioned the large jointure he would leave her; and though he was a little stricken

stricken in years, very lame, tormented with a cough, and had always on his breast a plaister of Burgundy pitch, yet no one at his time of life carried a crutch more gracefully : I had, indeed, a great deal to do to prevail on her ; but at last, by promises, and from menaces of the loss of my friendship, I succeeded ; the day was fixed, the settlements drawn, the bride went to church in tears, where just as they came out, the bridegroom was seized with an apoplexy, and so poor Mr. Cripplegate died at the door. There was a stroke of fortune ! Here is a fine young creature, with a noble income, who may pick and choose where she likes. I offered her my assistance again, but, do you know, Lady Spelman, that she had the assurance to sneer, and tell me “since she went into
“ the

“the city she need not employ a broker.”
 These two were, I think, the greatest of all
 my proceedings.

Lady Sp. Really, madam, the world is
 under great obligations to you. How
 many families you have made happy by
 putting them in the right road! Do, Miss
 Bryant, take my friend’s advice, I’m sure
 she cannot err. I never knew her deviate.

Emily. Nor I, madam, from mischief.

Lady W. Emily, Emily, you quarrel
 with your advantages; I am your true friend,
 and yet you have not the sense to perceive it.
 I should be glad to see you behave in such a
 manner as may entitle you to the return of
 Lady Bryant’s favour, and to the acqui-
 sition of a good husband. All our wishes
 are to make you happy. You know, Lady

VOL. II.

D

Spelman,

Spelman, that the business of my life is to make all the world happy.

Lady Sp. Indeed it is ; Lady Warynton, I wonder how you find time to do it.

Lady W. When there's an inclination, the act will follow ; but in wedding, where there's a marriage, the inclination will follow.

Lady Bryant now joined the party. “ I fancy, ladies, if you came here with the view of persuading my unhappy daughter to do any thing for her own good, you have met with very little success.”

Lady W. Very little indeed, Lady Bryant, but you told me what she was.

Lady Sp. Yes, yes, I heard what she was.

Lady W. O, no doubt, we all heard what she was.

Emily.

Emily. What was I, madam ?

Lady W. There ! there's insolence ! there's for you ! if ever I heard the like ! well, if daughters give themselves these airs, I don't wonder at their being confined.

Lady Sp. No, really it's very proper, for then they can't abuse their liberty.

Emily. Pray, ladies, have I——

Lady Bry. It's false ! I deny it—I utterly deny the charge—you are a disgrace to your family—I hate you for your low mean arts—My dear Emily, my beloved girl, with tears I speak it, I cordially detest you.

Lady W. God Almighty of heaven and earth ! Dear Lady Bryant, why won't you be calm ? In the name of—Nay now, do compose yourself—O dear, O dear—do compose yourself—do compose yourself.

Here Lady Warynton stamped about

the room, vehemently intreating Lady Bryant to be mild and calm.

Lady Bry. You see, my dear worthy friends, you see in what an unhappy situation I am placed. Loving that girl as I do from my soul, always thinking of her, alarmed whenever she goes out lest any thing should happen to her, and keeping her here at home every day to prevent any of those dangers again occurring, which my tenderness for her forbids me to mention—

Emily. Dangers, madam?

Lady Bry. There! you see how she treats me! She'll break my heart; this is always the case; I am obliged to bear, not only her depravity, but her insolence. O ladies, ladies, you little know what it is to be a parent.

Emily. O, my mother! how can you
treat

treat me with such severity ! How have I deserved this continual, this cruel oppression. Keep me in your house, confine me, use me as you think fit, but forbear this cruel, this unnatural persecution which freezes my very soul !

Her tears prevented her further utterance, and in an agony of passion she flew to her mother, dropt on her knees, and kissed her hand. Lady Bryant withdrew it with disdain, but Emily looking her full in the face, with a countenance in which were blended anguish and affection, melted the heart of her mother. She took her hand, and felt her own tears, which before were fictitious, trickling from her eyes and from her heart.

The fervour of parental love was returning, when Mrs. Lewiston entered with a letter for Lady Bryant. The letter was

opened, and Lady B. found it was from Lord Spelman. It was a promise to dine with them the next day, with Dr. Gander, who had formerly been his tutor, agreeable to an invitation of Sir Edward; and after expressing very highly the pleasure he always took in waiting upon Lady B. mentioned the happiness he expected in seeing Miss Bryant, a felicity which had been long promised, and which he waited for with the most sanguine hope. He dwelt with particular earnestness upon the report he had heard of Miss Bryant's beauty and elegance, and wondered that, as he had sometimes met Lady B. he had never seen her daughter. He concluded by hoping, that the next day he should find one more attraction added to the pleasures of Sir Edward's company.

At the perusal of this letter all Lady
I
Bryant's

Bryant's rage and indignation were again excited. She repulsed Emily with a haughty frown, and rising up hastily, "It is more
 " than I can bear," said she, "I am always
 " to have some clog upon my life: Emily,
 " you are a thorn in my side, and however
 " you may think to triumph, you shall ne-
 " ver soar above those who have better
 " claims to distinction."

This speech was incomprehensible to the rest of the company. As they knew not from whom the letter came, they could not imagine to what her allusions referred. She stopped for some time, and, after being violently agitated, "Pray, my dear Lady Warrington, step into my dressing room with
 " me, and let me share my sorrows with
 " some friend who is capable of feeling
 " them." "Certainly," said Lady W.

"I'll come instantly; and as to you, finally, think of what I have said, and I'll be with you again by-and-by."

When they arrived in the dressing room, "Am I so disagreeable in my person or my manners, Lady Warynton, that I should be neglected?" Here she prudently stopped. "What can you mean, Lady Bryant; I am wholly at a loss to imagine—but I suppose this girl gives you so much trouble and vexation; what a pity it is, for she is old enough to know better." "Old, my good friend—no, indeed, she is not more old than I am; how could you think so? No, my dear Lady Warynton, it is her insolent pretensions hurt me. She is vain, she is conceited; I see it in every feature, and I trace it in every action! Yet she is not sprightly, my dear friend;

“friend, no, I have better spirits than she
 “has: how is it then that she riles so much
 “in her own esteem? But tell me, what
 “shall I do to-morrow? Lord Spelman is
 “to come, and he seems partial to her be-
 “fore he sees her; but I believe I shall
 “hardly let her come down. She is not
 “very well, you know, just at this time,
 “and I’m sure deserves punishment for her
 “behaviour of to-day; what an unhappy
 “woman I am!”

A gentle tap at the door announced
 Emily and Lady Spelman; the former ran
 to her mother. “Dear madam, have I of-
 “fended you? Be my mother, and if I have,
 “tell me my faults; indeed I will correct
 “them; there is nothing I will omit to
 “regain your favour.” Lady Bryant co-
 loured with vexation to observe the grace-
 ful

ful attitude and melodious articulation of her daughter: " You may return to your chamber, Emily, and when I see you inclined to merit my regard, I'll let you know how to secure it."

Lady W. You'll recollect, child, and take my word another time. Come, don't pout, for it does not become you. And hark ye, you may curb the license of your tongue a little, for I am sure it's too quick as it is.

Lady Sp. Yes, Miss Bryant, I assure you I never heard any thing equal to your pertness.

Lady B. Nor I, except her vanity and self-conceit.

Lady W. I should go distracted if I had such a froward one.

Lady Sp. And then her obstinacy.

Lady

Lady B. And her pride.

Lady W. And her malice.

Lady B. And her art.

Lady Sp. And her self-sufficiency.

In such a torrent of invective and abuse did these women traduce the character of Emily; and Lady Bryant stimulated them, with a malignity that revived the story of Agave and the other ladies who assisted at the divulsion of Pentheus.

The prisoner at the bar regarded her mother with anguish and humility, but frequently cast at the two women looks of the most pointed disdain. After some additional accusations, Emily's patience was totally exhausted, and she hastily withdrew.

She had that morning received from Mrs. Albin an invitation to sup with her;
but

But as the family were to remain all home, she dispatched Mrs. Lewiston with a negative message.

The next day a large company dined at Sir Edward's, when Emily was not admitted to their presence, as the guests were numerous. Lady Bryant, with a policy not to be expected from *her*, whispered Lady Warynton, in a tone loud enough to be heard by the whole company, "I am quite shocked at the forward disposition of Emily; her refusal to appear at my table, when it is graced by so friendly a party, has distressed me unspeakably; we must contrive some apology, my dear Lady Warynton; do pray undertake it for me; you know my spirits are bad."

This parental speech had the intended effect.

fect. Every body supposed that it was the whim of Emily not to appear, and imagined that she was bred up in the full indulgence of her own idle caprices.

Voilà jouer d'adresse et médire avec art,

Et c'est avec respect enfoncer le poignard.

BOILEAU, *Satire à son Esprit.*

C H A P.

C H A P. XI.

So a wild Tartar, when he spies
 A man that's handsome, valiant, wife,
 If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
 His wit, his beauty, or his spirit.

HUDIBRAS, part i. c. 2.

THERE was a stupid indifference, and a criminal assent to family despotism, in the carelessness shewn by Sir Edward Bryant towards his daughter. He attended, indeed, to little but his amusements; to the gratifications of a gay libertine; luxurious during the season of youthful profligacy, and still continually indulging in the varieties of dissolute pastime.

Lord Warynton, Lord Spelman, and his party, passed a day in the ensuing week at Sir Edward Bryant's; where, by much entreaty,

entreaty, and by the unexpected and capricious interference of Sir Edward, Emily was suffered to appear. Among these a new character afforded her some amusement. Dr. Ganden was an high priest; he was a good scholar, but his *rudeness and swilled insolence*, to use an expression of Milton, were at all times offensive. His functions were for some time limited to a small living: at last he rose to a desirable station; his duty was small, and his diligence less. His powers of *deglutition* were prodigious, and his servility in enduring the haughtiness of people in high rank astonishing; it was therefore said that "he swallowed every thing from the great."

Dr. Ganden at dinner sat near young Evelyne, who, as usual, was introduced there by the kindness of Lord Warynton.

The

The doctor talked immoderately, and attended as little to others as they to him: his sonorous vehemence, indeed, enforced occasional observation; but his treatment of Evelyne, whom he found mild and gentle, was remarkably brutal. Evelyne entreated the doctor to help him to some French plumbs; no answer was returned: the doctor stared at him, then turned to somebody else, and began a fresh discourse. Evelyne coloured; he felt the insult, and still more poignantly he felt the pity of the spectators. Lady Spelman, who sat next him, with true politeness relieved him from his confusion. The doctor was nettled at such an instance of respect: he saw them afterwards conversing together, and he often studiously interrupted them. Lady Spelman had, however, still so much real urbanity,

urbanity, that she would not suffer Evelynne to remain silent.

The discourse was continued; they grew very jocund, and laughed heartily. At length the doctor spoke with a loud voice: " Really, my lady, your mirth is pretty vehement; it shakes the whole table. I know not whether your vivacity does most honour to your wit or your benevolence. I dare say your *young* friend *may have heard* of the hospitable reception Dido gave Æneas, when the unfortunate fellow, poor and destitute, was glad to take refuge at any body's table. Virgil, I remember, mentions it in his very first book."

" He does so, Sir," replied Evelynne; " and you may also recollect that, in his third book, he finely describes those intolerable

VOL. II. E tolerable

“ tolerable pests, the Harpies, who poisoned
 “ and disturbed every table they ap-
 “ proached, by their ravenous gluttony,
 “ and dissonant clamour :

“ Diripiuntque dapes contactuque omnia fœdant

“ Immundo, tum vox tetrum dira inter odorem,

“ I give you the original lines, for per-
 “ haps, doctor, you would not be *very much*
 “ improved by a *translation*.”

All present were delighted with this spirited reply Dr. Ganden was severely humbled, and hardly spoke afterwards.

With Dr. Ganden came his nephew, a Mr. Ganden, who had risen to an eligible post in the church : he was eminent for sily fawning upon the rich and noble ; like Pope’s holy one, “ he never men-
 “ tioned hell to ears polite.”

Far from displaying the repulsive and
 overbearing

overbearing arrogance of his uncle, he was ever meek and sleek. He thence derived many douceurs from his more powerful friends. Temple always called him the *Arch-deacon*.

These two gentlemen were on this day introduced to Sir Edward Bryant's table by Lord Spelman, over whose education the doctor had for a short time formerly presided. I have before said, that Dr. Gauden was a *good scholar*; by which I mean to distinguish him from a *learned man*. A good scholar is one who, by dull diligence, and mechanical perseverance, acquires an immense portion of scholastic knowledge, without possessing any power to organize such a useless mass. Of such pedants it has been said :

E 2

“ Dicu

“ Dieu me garde d'estre scavant
 “ D'une science si profonde;
 “ Les plus doctes, le plus souvent,
 “ Sont les plus sottes gens du monde.”

The *learned man* is he who, to his natural genius, adds the necessary helps of study, but who principally derives his supplies from his own natural possessions; he never, like the mere scholar, mistakes the implements for the end, but seldom instructs himself without instructing others.

Dr. Ganden, however, was only *steeped in Greek and Latin*; of modern literature he knew nothing: his memory was great, his judgment shallow, his decisions positive; and he often exposed his ignorance of common books, and contemporary events. In a literary conversation between Evelyne and

some others; where the doctor obtruded himself, the conversation turned upon *Las Patranas* of *Timoneda*, a book which is well known among the students in Spanish literature; "I suppose," said the doctor, "the book may be well enough; but I do not read Dutch."

As Lady Bryant, "*with whisp'ring, and most guilty diligence,*" repeated many hints to Emily's disadvantage, many censures, and many insults, the effect it had upon the company was instantly perceived by Dr. Ganden: he therefore introduced himself to their more intimate knowledge, by aggrandizing the power of parents, exclaiming violently against the disobedience of obstinate children, and embellishing his discourse by many allusions to the merit of Lady Bryant. Unfortunately, he concluded

his homily by observing, how happy the man must be in a wife, who married a daughter of Lady Bryant. The danger of this remark terrified Lady Bryant; she could not be particular in a large company, nor could she let such a hint pass without being *rectified*. She looked to Lady Warynton, intending she should administer a *counterpoison*. "Ay, very true, very true!" said Lady Warynton; "I protest you are right, doctor, very right indeed; I really think such a union must be very desirable; and it will give me much pleasure to see any thing of that kind brought to bear." The stupidity of Lady Warynton irritated Lady Bryant, who, finding that nothing was to be done as she wished it, changed the discourse, to the great comfort of Miss Bryant.

Lord Spelman paid the greatest attention to Emily, notwithstanding the endeavours of Lady Bryant (who had placed him next herself during dinner) to prevent it. Through the evening, he eluded her invitation, and sat next Emily; in whom he soon discovered *les manieres* of the great world, blended with much elegant information. Lady Bryant soon destroyed the conversation, by sending Emily from the room, upon some frivolous commission. She returned; and when seated, Lord Spelman renewed his civilities. Lady Bryant instantly took the alarm, and once more dispatched Emily upon a new embassy. She re-assumed her place when she entered the room, and Lord Spelman again attended her. Lady Bryant called her finally away,

and continued to engage Lord Spelman herself during the whole evening.

In the course of the evening, Lady Warrington mentioned to Lady Bryant, that Dr. Garden was on Sunday to preach at their church: she intreated her to go, and said she would accompany them; she did not doubt but, if they took Emily, her good friend the doctor would mention, in his discourse, the duty of children to parents. The doctor received the hint as a compliment, and promised to preach a sermon suitable to the occasion. How far, and how judiciously he performed his promise, I leave the reader to discover, when he is informed that his text was as follows: “ *the evening and the morning were the fourth day.*” After which text, he preached a sermon upon the miracle of “ *cleansing the lepers.*”

A ludicrous

A ludicrous conversation passed while the company were at tea. Mr. Temple called, in his way to the Opera, just as they spoke of the next day's intended appointment at church. "Indeed," said Lady Warynton, "I should much more frequently attend church, but the people cough so intolerably, that one can hear nothing of what's going on."

Mr. T. I assure you, madam, if you want to hear an elegant cough, you should go to * * church. They cough more in time there than at any other place of worship, for they never exhibit but during the actual performance of the service. When the preacher ascends the pulpit, the church resolves itself into a coughing committee, and they always put Serjeant Wheeze in the chair. Some time ago, the
 widow

widow Lozenge coughed for forty minutes ; and if she had not been relieved by Polly Pant the finger, and Dr. Lacklungs, the junto would have been dissolved.

Lady B. Well, I really thought that, for coughing, *our* church was the most famous.

Mr. T. O no, madam, they have not a good band ; and besides, Doctor Snore leads there, and, instead of minding his coughs, he is always asleep : the good gentleman made a little mistake, I hear, last Sunday ; for, in the middle of the sermon, he started out of his nap, and hallooed, “ Waiter, bring me some more punch—
“ half and half ! ”

Dr. Ganden knew Temple too well to censure his pleasantry. The visit of the latter was very short. To him the young
clergyman,

clergyman, Dr. Ganden's nephew, mentioned that he had put down his own name to a subscription-dance in the neighbourhood ; Temple told him, that he had heard of his being chosen *chaplain to the ball*. He soon after withdrew. The sneer was hardly felt ; young Ganden knew that he could not disparage his skill in the dance ; he knew his own happiness, in having a genteel form, and an agreeable deportment, which was what he most valued : he perhaps reasoned like Dogberry, in *Much Ado about Nothing* ; “ To be a well-favoured man, is the gift of fortune ; but to read and write, comes by nature.”

C H A P.

C H A P. XII.

'Tis our own wisdom moulds our state ;
Our faults and virtues make our fate.

COWLEY.

TH E mind of Emily was violently agitated by her late interview with Lady Bryant, by the manner and the consequences of her being frequently prevented from appearing at table ; but most of all, by a letter she two days after received, from Mrs. Albin, with another inclosed, written in Bruce's hand. The purport of the first was repeated assurances of her regard to Emily, strong recommendations of the step proposed by Bruce, and many panegyrics on him as a friend, a lover, and a hero. Bruce's letter informed her, that he

was

was now at Mr. Albin's seat, in Norfolk ; that his two worthy and ever to be respected hosts, had afforded him such an hospitable reception, and had invented such various and successful modes of amusement, in their own absence, to make his time pass agreeably while distant from his mistress and his friends, that his whole life could never repay : they had now, indeed, crowned their benefits by an offer so noble and so generous, that it could hardly be excelled, and highly as he had before estimated their munificence, it surpassed his most romantic expectation. Did Emily love him ? It was a question he was afraid to ask, because, if she did not, it was an absurdity ; if she did, it was an insult. The proof of her affection she could now give him, and he would not ask any thing inconsistent with her

her virtues, though her malicious friends might deem it impropriety. For his own part, he had no ideas but of her; his friends, his welfare, his happiness, all sunk before the consideration of his mistress. Splendour and rank, pleasure and independence, were the great enemies of real love :

“ The jealous god, when we prophane his fires,

“ Those restless passions in revenge inspires ;

“ And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,

“ Who seek, in love, for aught but love alone.”

He then proceeded to state the unhappy situation she was in with respect to her own family. The impertinence of some acquaintances, and the unfeeling tyranny of her mother. After such a necessary preface, he again assured her that he would devote his life to her service, and to her will, if she would instantly put herself privately under
the

the protection of Mr. and Mrs. Albin, accompany them to Y——, and bestow on him her hand and heart, without suspicion or apprehension.

Emily's heart beat at the proposal; she wanted to see her lover, and she could entirely depend upon the Albins. Bruce mentioned the impossibility of his being seen in town, as it was supposed he still remained at Oxford. He shewed the delicacy of being with Mrs. Albin, which would be a sanction to so bold and so hasty a step. These arguments were very plausible, and the idea of a deliverance from her present bondage very inviting. She consulted Mrs. Lewston, who, we may easily suppose, found or made arguments in favour of her flight. She wrote an answer, assenting to the scheme; but her heart recoiled at the indelicacy

cacy of an elopement. When she recollected that there was a woman who would vindicate her character to the world, a friend whose name and consequence would, in every company, give weight to her assertions, as she had torn the letter, she wrote it again. Mrs. Lewston went out of the room with it; she rung the bell, and revoked the mandate: Mrs. Lewston argued, extolled the honour and reputation of the Albins, and at length carried her point, and carried her letter. Emily promised to be at the Albins that evening. Mrs. Lewston was not to go with her. Their carriage was to come to the end of the street, with Mr. and Mrs. Albin, who were to wait themselves near Sir Edward's door till Emily came out, and then to conduct her home.

The

The resolution of the fair captive was frequently shaken; but, lest she should be rescued by her own sense of propriety from pursuing this rash enterprise, new insults were that day added, by the jealousy of her mother, and the pertness of Lady Warynton. Their conduct would have induced a cool and impartial spectator to imagine that they had some knowledge of her design.

The evening arrived, and eight o'clock was the hour appointed. Sir Edward, Lady Bryant, and the rest of that party, were gone to sup in Portman Square. Emily put up a few of her own jewels, some cloaths, and other requisites, in a small trunk, which Mrs. Lewiston conveyed safely to Mrs. Albin, and then returned. Before her departure, Emily, with the accustomed enthusiasm of *departing* heroines, left

a letter on her father's table, which was written in these words :

My ever dear Father,

AS a friend, I must solicit your candour ; and, as a parent, I must intreat your forgiveness. I think I am, in some measure, entitled to both, for you have hitherto, I may say it, not afforded me that tender protection which your child so much wanted. You can be no stranger to the cruelty of my mother, who, from what cause I know not, has pleased to become my bitter enemy and oppressor. Indeed, Sir, I never offended her ; and I have shed as many tears on her account, as on my own. Her ill treatment of me, in confining me so constantly, and depriving me of those pleasures to which, by my birth and fortune, I am entitled,

I

titled, is too intolerable to bear. I have therefore determined to fly for refuge to some respectable friends, whose generous beneficence will assist me in this hour of distress. I must further remark, that if I commit any imprudent action, no one can blame me. I am driven, by the ingenuity of barbarous oppression, from that house where I ought to have found every pleasure, and every comfort, befitting my age and my sex. I can hardly ask any pardon but your's, for I cannot think that my mother will be sorry for what I have done. A girl of my age and disposition can never have deserved such injuries as I have received. For the last two years I have led *a stupid lethargy of life*, deprived of domestic happiness, and rational amusement.

Where I am gone, it will be useless to

F 2

inquire;

inquire; and, I think, for the sake of the family, it will be as well to let the circumstance be concealed. If my mother should feel any thing like remorse, tell her that, to the end of my life, I will do every thing to serve her; that I freely forgive her the sufferings she has made me undergo; but that I never will subject myself again to a tyranny which no liberal mind can endure. I wish you, my dear father and friend, more happiness than I have been able to contribute, or to enjoy; and I fervently implore you to forget that there still exists so unhappy a girl as

Your affectionate daughter,

EMILY BRYANT.

She wrote this letter with many tears, and often took a review of her own situation,

tion, to look for some more powerful motives than those of *prudence* to deter her from the ensuing temerity. No source of consolation was to be found. She might live in this state of abject dependence and dejection, till she was of age. Her mother's death would perhaps release her, and she would then emerge from her prison, and step into the world totally ignorant of the manners, fashions, and inhabitants. Bruce being absent from her so long, might grow cool, and forget her. The only prospect of being emancipated was, by a marriage with Lord Spelman, whom she hardly knew; a match not even of convenience, much less of love. Her utmost expectation therefore, from that proposal, was a languid life of sullen dissipation. Lord Spelman was acquainted with Lady Wa-

rynton, and she would be still liable to her impertinence. Bruce certainly loved her; his behaviour, his quitting Oxford and Lady Hyndley, his letters, all convinced her, that their hearts were united by the most coercive ties of love and honour.

Such a man could not betray her; if he should, she might securely rest on the worthy pair who conducted her to her lover. The zeal of Mr. Albin, and the softer virtues of his wife, were pledges too valuable to be depreciated: She had received such provocations that many females would not have suffered; and the world, though it might condemn her rash elopement, would never mitigate her present afflictions.

During this reverie, Mrs. Lewston entered with a packet of Bruce's and Albin's letters, which Emily carefully sealed up to carry

carry with her. They spoke long upon the important event which was in agitation. Mrs. Lewiston told her finally, that she must resolve, for that Sir Edward and Lady Bryant were to go next day to Lord Warynton's. Mountbridge was about twenty-five miles distant: Emily was to accompany them, and was there again to see Lord Spekman.

This information convinced Emily that there was now no time to be lost. At ten o'clock in the evening, therefore, she bade adieu to her father's house; and, attended by Mrs. Lewiston, who only conveyed her to Mr. and Mrs. Albin, she set off for Y. in Norfolk.

When Mr. Albin saw her, he caught her in his arms; "My charming girl! have I the happiness to possess you? We will

F 4 " immediately

“ immediately leave this horrid town, and
 “ dedicate the time at Y. to love and plea-
 “ sure. Your Bruce will be impatient to
 “ receive us; and Mrs. Albin, as well as
 “ myself, is delighted to contribute to your
 “ mutual felicity.” The journey was very
 rapidly performed; and Mrs. Albin en-
 livened the conversation by many sprightly
 sallies, for she had an agreeable turn of
 pleasantry, and knew how to suit herself to
 every disposition.

They at length arrived at Y. The
 house was not very large, but elegantly fur-
 nished. Mrs. Albin conducted Emily to
 a handsome apartment; stayed with her
 while she undressed; rung the bell for a fe-
 male servant, whom she presented to Emily;
 having told her it was her appointment to
 wait on Miss Irwin, the name she had
 given

given Emily to conceal her from being discovered. In answer to the natural inquiries which Miss Bryant made for Bruce, she was told, that as he resided a few miles distant, he could not be sent to immediately; but that she might depend upon seeing him very soon. She went to bed; and when she rose next day, was carried over the house and grounds. Three days passed in a variety of amusements; during which time, as Bruce never appeared, Emily renewed her inquiries, which were always waved by various pretences.

On the fourth day, to Emily's great surprise, Mrs. Albin told her, that she should take her leave of her for a short time; that she had an unavoidable engagement in town, which she was immediately to fulfil, but that she would return to Y. in a day

day or two, and renew the unspeakable pleasure which she found in Miss Bryant's society. Mr. Albin would remain to protect her; and would endeavour to make the time pass agreeably. Emily felt very much chagrined at this circumstance: to part with a friend on whom she relied in her very critical situation, to have no female near her whom she knew, to be left alone with the master of the house, immediately after she had (*perhaps unpardonably*) quitted her own family, occasioned her many severe reflections on what she had done. She took leave of Mrs. Albin, earnestly intreating her to return with a friendly haste; or, if she possibly could, to defer the appointment. Mrs. Albin smiled, promised, and departed. Mr. Albin and Emily returned to dinner. His attention to her, during the repast,

repast, was even more than he had yet shewn. When the servants retired, he talked of Bruce, that the mention of her lover might come from himself. “ You are, I doubt not, my dear Miss Bryant, very anxious to hear and to see your admirer ; and you must wonder that he has let three days pass without once paying you his personal respects. I will be free and ingenuous with you ; and if I advise you as a friend, I am sure your good sense and good humour will prevent you from being offended with me. Young men of the present age, madam, are not very famous for the constancy of their attachments ; and if they were, you should not suffer yourself to be too easily gained. I would by all means wish you to marry Mr. Bruce ; he is a fine young fellow ;

“ fellow ; and has accomplishments which
 “ will do honour to any woman who shall
 “ call him husband : but he has not that ar-
 “ dour, that constancy, that enthusiasm,
 “ which some men feel, in spite of them-
 “ selves, and their particular situations.”

Here he looked tenderly at Miss Bryant ;
 but as he did not read his own meaning in
 her eyes, he proceeded. “ A real friend,
 “ Miss Bryant, whose heart is attached to
 “ the mind, as well as the person of a wo-
 “ man, is surely more valuable than an airy
 “ lover, who is charmed only with those
 “ graces which are acquired rather by cus-
 “ tom than by skill. I am also of opi-
 “ nion, that you should be very careful be-
 “ fore you marry this young man, that
 “ there is no other who may take advan-
 “ tage of Bruce’s future negligence ; may
 “ plead

" plead *his* passion for you with so artful,
 " with so unexpected, and so uncommon
 " an earnestness, that you may be inclined
 " to forfeit your security to your love of
 " pleasure, and love of revenge. Who can
 " answer for themselves? Two months
 " since I thought I could; but the un-
 " quelled influence of a new friend has
 " taught me otherwise. I suppose, madam,
 " I must and will suppose, that you can love
 " no other man but Bruce. He was your
 " first favourite; and, as you doubtless ima-
 " gine, has merited your partiality, by the
 " most invariable and constant attachment.
 " I wish I did not know to the contrary;
 " not that I mean to speak disrespectfully of
 " your lover. I desire only to act the part
 " of a friend, in whom I hope you think
 " you may confide."

Em.

Em. Surely, Sir, I have given such proofs of my reliance on your probity and beneficence, that you can no more doubt of my esteem for you, than I can suspect your want of intrinsic fidelity to my interests.

Alb. Your interests are nearest my heart; Miss Bryant—I am almost afraid to say how near, for you will think me guilty of affectation, or overstrained generosity, if I declare my solicitude to make you happy. But this Bruce is, I fear, not a proper object for your attention. Has he deserved it by any exertions in your favour? has he ever saved you from the dangers of the world; from the tyranny of your family? or has he in any other way conduced to your welfare? Indeed, madam, such beauty should not be bestowed upon a mind lightly amorous; for a heart like your's would, I
am

am sure, be ready to return the slightest services with the most cordial, yet delicate gratitude.

Em. I am so sensible, Sir, of your bounty—

Alb. Talk not of bounty, madam, but of love; for which you was formed. How happy would that man be who was the object of your tenderness! His would be that situation which so rarely happens, of a man who had not married *too soon*; a situation too dreadful to be contemplated.

Albin here sighed bitterly; and looked at Emily with an earnestness which surprised her. After a disagreeable silence, she said—

Em. I hope, Sir, you, and our friend Mrs. Albin—

Alb. She is a charming woman, and merits my praises; but people may be unhappy

happy with almost all they wish, if there is one object unpossessed. Do you esteem Mrs. Albin?

Em. Dear Sir, what a question! Is she not my protectress? Will she not be the friend of my heart? Indeed, Sir, I love her with the most lively gratitude; and shall ever be warmly attached to her principles, her disposition, and perhaps even to her errors, if she has them.

Alb. Then, Madam, I may hope to have some place in your good opinion.

Em. Surely, Sir. My present state of mind hardly allows me to express myself so cordially as I ought; but be assured, that as no one can confer favours so nobly as Mr. Albin, so no one can equally excite gratitude and admiration.

Alb. You honour me by your esteem—
Dear

Dear Miss Eryant, is Bruce so valuable to you, that proofs of his ill conduct would not eradicate the remembrance of his love ? There are men who admire, who adore, even to the phrenzy of love, but must not breathe their vows ; then is the glorious opportunity for minds like your's to stoop with generous kindness to their prayers ; to read in their eyes what they dare not explain ; and to translate for them who dare not translate for themselves.

Em. What can you mean, Sir ? That I love Bruce, would be superfluous to acknowledge ; why else have I fled from my family, and taken refuge with you ? But why should you think so unfavourably of him ? In pity, tell me if you know that he is culpable ; or if these are only your fears for my safety and honour. Surely, Bruce

VOL. II.

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could

could never be unfaithful! Dear Sir, you judge too severely of him; indeed you do. His gaiety has been well known; but he is young; and all his acquaintance admire his accomplishments and honour his virtues. Some sly, some malicious enemy, has prejudiced you against him; and you have unkindly listened to the artful tale without affording him an opportunity to defend himself. He would not have so treated Mr. Albin.

Alb. My dear madam, you are offended with me. My zeal for your interests has occasioned your displeasure. Forgive me, and I will speak of it no further. I see you love Bruce too well to allow even truth should have any weight to his discredit: I was simple enough to suppose that the good offices of a sincere friend would have ex-

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cuse

cused the harshness of my opinions; but I assure you the respect I entertain for you, will induce me, for the future, to consult nothing but your pleasure.

Em. Can you wonder, Sir, at my warmth in favour of the man whose virtues or frailties are to constitute the entire happiness or misery of my future life?

Alb. By no means. But let us dismiss the subject: I will have the honour of seeing you at tea; and in the course of the evening I hope to convince you, that one ardent lover may, without impropriety, succeed one less faithful.

C H A P. XIII.

C'est le heros de notre siecle pour les exploits dont il s'agit : un homme qui vingt fois en sa vie, pour servir ses amis, a genereusement affronté les galeres, qui, au péril de ses bras & de ses epaules, fait mettre noblement a fin les aventures les plus difficiles & qui, tel que vous le voyez, est exilé de son pays pour je ne fais combien d'actions honorables qu'il a généreusement entreprises.

MOLIERE. *M. de Pourceaugnac. A. 1. Sc. 4.*

EMILY remained still unsuspecting, and rose from table meditating on Bruce's levity, and trying to develop some ambiguities in Mr. Albin's speeches. She intreated him to let her retire to a book, and compose her mind, which had been lately so excessively agitated. She went to the library, and looked over two books. Having thrown them aside, agreeable to the common dictates of an unsettled mind, she wandered to the garden, and strayed for
above

above an hour, till she found herself at a great distance from the house. She sat down near a wood, and was lost in thought, when the sound of some voices engaged her attention. "These are the grounds," said one, "and yonder is the house; and " never was house inhabited by a greater " scoundrel. I would give a great deal to " meet him."—"Is he down now?" replied the other voice. "His wife went to " town to-day, they say. Come, we'll go up " to the house; we may see somebody there." Here they came from the wood, and presented to Emily's view two genteel young men, who were struck at the beauty, the dejection, and the solitude of such a young woman. One of them presently burst into laugh, saying, "Faith, Leland, you may " take your revenge here, without going up

“ to the house.” Emily was alarmed at this address: she rose up; “ I hope, gentlemen, that my present situation will not encourage you to behave with impropriety. I am protected by Mr. and Mrs. Albin, and rely on their integrity and reputation for my safety and happiness.”

A vociferous roar of merriment again terrified Emily: one of the men took her by the hand, which she immediately withdrew:

“ You could hardly have said more to encourage the most unlimited freedom, than the account you have just given us of yourself. So then, you are really one of the *excellent* Mr. Albin’s friends! Who would believe that such a divine creature could be the gay companion of his lighter hours?—’Pon my soul, Leland, this is a fresh proof, that we must not trust to appearances.”

"pearances."—"I never desire better ap-
 "pearances to trust to," said the other.
 "Come, my sweet girl, grant me one kiss.
 "I'm sure Albin, though he is a scoundrel,
 "can hardly be such an unreasonable mo-
 "nopolist, as to hinder an idle fellow pick-
 "ing up a little waif and stray on his ma-
 "nor, now and then." He began now to
 be very rude, till a loud scream from
 Emily deterred him from farther insult.
 "I perceive," said she, "that you are two
 "of those unprincipled wretches, who
 "know not how to distinguish gross and
 "vile licentiousness, from that respectful
 "gallantry which is due to every woman
 "above the rank of your abandoned affo-
 "ciates in pleasure. If you knew me, you
 "would not dare to encroach upon my
 "character and my situation!"—"Really,
 "madam!"

" madam!" said Leland with a sneer, " this
 " is a species of affectation so ridiculous,
 " that I can hardly think you in earnest.
 " If you are a friend of Albin's, which
 " you seem to boast, you can be no stran-
 " ger to the scoundrel's way of life; and
 " your intimacy with him may justly au-
 " thorise every freedom in us." Emily
 turned pale at his speech; " For heaven's
 " sake, Sir, are you a gentleman, and do
 " you really speak truth? It is impossible;
 " the generosity of both Mr. and Mrs. Al-
 " bin, the benevolence they have shewn
 " me, the assistance and the protection
 " which they have extended to me, suffi-
 " ciently prove their uncommon goodness:
 " I cannot think well of your speaking so
 " severely of them; and, as they are my
 " friends, I must bear no more." The
 " other

other now addressed her: "Have you
 " been long here, madam?"—"Have you
 " any right, Sir, to question me?"—"The
 " truth is, madam, that I fear, from your
 " innocent appearance, and your attach-
 " ment to this Albin, that you are one of
 " those many unfortunate creatures whom
 " he has made victims to his sensuality.
 " His character is so generally known, that
 " I cannot injure him by any accusation;
 " and I confess, that the finding you in his
 " domains, and professing so warm a re-
 " gard for him, gives me a very low opi-
 " nion of your character. We are both
 " of us neighbours of a wretch whom the
 " whole country detests, except some few
 " who sell their intimacy to the best hid-
 " den; and, so far from being the persecu-
 " tors of the female sex, we are ready to
 " undertake

“ undertake any enterprize in their behalf.
 “ With respect to yourself; your beauty,
 “ your youth, and your unsuspecting sim-
 “ plicity, give us every reason to believe
 “ that your fate is to become the mistress,
 “ or rather the slave, of his pleasures. If
 “ you doubt our sincerity, we will imme-
 “ diately take our leave.” They both now
 remained in a respectful silence; but Emily,
 overcome with horror and astonishment,
 sunk upon the ground without sense or mo-
 tion. They lifted her up, and in a short
 time she recovered. Recollecting herself,
 she burst into the most violent exclamations
 of grief. They led her to a seat; and, en-
 treating her to compose herself, requested an
 account of her intimacy with Albin; which
 she related with some hesitation, but con-
 cealing her name. She concluded her nar-
 rative

rative with imploring them, if they had any generosity, to assist her in escaping from her present situation, and to introduce her to some female friend, whose known reputation would preserve her from the censures of the world. They returned her confidence, by telling who they were. Captain Stawley, and Mr. Leland, were the knights-*errant* who had met this unfortunate damsel by the side of a wood. Leland had been formerly left under the guardianship of Albin, by whom he had been defrauded of immense sums. His uncle lived in the adjacent county; was a man of large fortune, whom I shall mention under the name of Mr. Osborne. Captain Stawley was a friend, who accompanied him to look at the spacious territory which Albin had inclosed, and laid out with a magnificence befitting a monarch.

monarch. Leland gave her a long detail of Albin's various and complicated villainies; and he enlarged with so much earnestness, and plenitude of minute description, that the night drew on. Emily was now terrified at her own deviation from propriety and delicacy. The contemplation of her former safety recoiled upon her mind so forcibly, that it almost overcame her; stunned at the account of her perfidious betrayers, and seeing none near her but utter strangers, who might be as worthless and as abandoned as the Albins, with as smooth tongues, and as insidious wiles, she knew not on what to determine. Emily had a great spirit, with a high sense of decorum; but she had swerved from the latter so unpardonably, that she sunk even in her own esteem. If she returned to the house,

instant

instant ruin must be the consequence; if she entrusted herself to the care of these two wild and casual acquaintance, her lover, her friends, her family, and the whole world, would be justified in deserting her as one abandoned to every species of impropriety and freedom. She mentioned this to her new acquaintance: they declared themselves of her opinion; but told her, since she had so due a sense of what became her, they would prevail upon a female friend or two to accompany them from their own house. “ I have already,” said Emily, “ placed such a credulous dependence on one female friend, that I can have little hopes from another. She who does not know me, can hardly be so much interested in my welfare as another who does; and I have, indeed, been so duped, that

“ that I tremble at the idea of fresh re-
 “ liance.”

They assured her again of their deter-
 mined fidelity; and as it began now to be
 near dark, it was necessary to come to
 some determination. Emily still doubted,
 when the sound of a person holloaing,
 roused her from her dubious arguments.
 “ Miss Irwin!” was repeated several
 times, in a voice which Emily knew to be
 Mr. Albin’s, who “ *echo’d her name to the*
 “ *reverberate hills*” in a tone of excessive
 agitation. No one dared to speak, but they
 pressed Miss Bryant’s hands very fre-
 quently; and at last intreated her, in a low
 whisper, to accompany them. She made
 them no reply. The sound was softened,
 and at last passed by them. They disco-
 vered some lights at a distance; and Emily,
 whose

whose state of mind was now truly wretched, was again urged by her champions to rely upon their honour and courage. A short conversation took place, when a man, darting from behind a bush, seized on Captain Stawley's hand; "Ma'am, is this you?"—"If you value your life," said the captain, "be silent." Emily was sinking with terror. It was one of the servants, who had been sent in search of her. During the recent circumstances of the last half hour, the moon, which had been before very much obscured, beamed forth in her full lustre, so that they could very clearly distinguish each other. When Leland perceived the man, he drew a pair of pistols, which he fortunately had about him, joined the whispering menaces of Stawley, and terrified the man into dumb submission.

They

They now questioned him who he was, and what he wanted? "I came to look for Miss Irwin, and was sent by my master, Mr. Albin. Pray, gentlemen, don't hurt me. I'm glad I've found her; I'm sure you'll see her safe to the house. Mr. Albin is gone all round the grounds to see for her: I dare not go back without her."

"Pray, honest friend," said Leland, "do you think you can, for once in your life, speak the truth? If you will, here's a purse for you; if not"—"So, so! are you there?" said another fellow, who came panting across a lawn, "Bless my soul, ma'am, I'm glad we've found you!" As he came up, Leland took hold of him, and enjoined immediate silence. "Lord bless me! Mr. Leland, is it your honour?"—"Ah, Godfrey! what, do you live at Albin's?"

“ bin’s? Faith, I’m glad of it; we shall get
 “ some intelligence from you, that may be
 “ of use to us.”

“ Dear Sir, what d’ye mean? I hope
 “ you will not think the worse of me for
 “ being with such a master. Indeed, Sir,
 “ he gives great wages, and pays very
 “ exactly. But, dear me! I’m so glad to
 “ find the young lady, for she is the great-
 “ est favourite my master has had yet.”

“ *Favourite!*” said Emily, shuddering.

“ What can you mean?” “ Nay, Ma’am,

“ for matter of that, Squire Albin is very

“ generous to all his acquaintance. But

“ pray don’t let us waste any more time

“ here, for he is in the greatest fright; and,

“ what’s worse, supper will be cold.”

“ My good friend Godfrey,” said Le-
 land, “ tell me, and tell me truly, what is

VOL. II.

H

“ your

" your supposition of this lady, and who do
 " the servants take her to be in your
 " house?" " Lack-a-day, Sir! I've no
 " business with it: if master likes her,
 " and if so be she likes him, I see no rea-
 " son why not. I neither meddle nor
 " make." " Do you imagine, then," said
 Emily, trembling, " that I came to Mr.
 " Albin's for any unworthy purpose!—O
 " God! that ever I should be so lost to
 " discretion and judgment, as to leave my
 " former situation!" " Ah, Miss, very
 " true!" said Godfrey; " for I dare say
 " such a fine young woman as you must
 " have had a matter of five or ten pounds
 " a week, besides a benefit." " What the
 " devil d'ye mean?" said Leland. " Are
 " you mad?"

Godf. " O every body knows Miss Re-

win;

win; he was famous in several parts at one of the London theatres: but, he the master likes a little theatre of his own; you know, Sir, it's so much the fashion now.

Captain St. Why, here must be some strange misunderstanding.—I fancy, madam, we were right at first. Come, come, you have carried it on very successfully; and really seem a mistress in your profession.

Godf. Come, dear Sir, let us go; don't make master wait, for he wants the lady.

Lel. Who told you, Godfrey, that Miss Irwin was a player?

Godf. Squire Albin, Sir. Why, Lord bless you! he took her off the stage for the purpose of bringing her to our house; and says he's very fond of her, and he'll always be her friend. When Pigout was undress-

ing him last night, he gave him a whole account of her.

This conversation was much lengthened, but did not make it absolutely necessary for Emily to reveal the name of her family to the two gentlemen. A light now appeared at a distance, and they conjured her to accompany them, assuring her of every protection she wished for. Leland made Godfrey a present, who promised to say that he had in vain searched for Miss Irwin.

The servants retired, and Miss Bryant, with great reluctance, put herself under the care of the two gentlemen, who endeavoured to soothe her sorrow by the tenderest effusions of pity and beneficence.



C H A P.

C H A P. XIV.

His looks were dreadful, and his fiery eyes
 (Like two great beacons) glared bright and wide,
 Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
 He scorned in his overweening pride;
 And stalking stately, like a crane did stride
 At every step upon the tip-toes high,
 And all the way he went on every side
 He gaz'd about, and started horribly,
 As if he with his looks would all men terrify.

SPENSER'S *Fairie Queen*, B. VI. c. 7, v. 42.

Le ris sur son visage est en mauvaise humeur
 L'agrément fuit ses traits, ses caresses font peur.

BOILEAU, Sat. XI, sur *L'Honneur*.

MR. Ofwarne was the relation of
 Leland. He was a man of a
 stern address, haughty deportment, and un-
 tameable ferocity. These he denominated
 the wisdom of nature, genuine, fierce,
 and uncultivated; and he wished them
 to appear the unquestionable proofs of ir-

H 3

resistible

resistible valour. To superiors and inferiors he observed the same conduct; and nothing altered his behaviour but a capricious regard for some acquaintance, adopted without discernment, and laid aside without provocation. In every company, he bore down the most logical disputants, by a copious torrent of clamorous declamation. He combated the bold, and despised the prudent; yet he often unkindly descended to insult those with whom he disdained to contend. He knew his own powers, and his own strength. To defeat a jest, to exaggerate an error, to insult an inoffensive, as well as to humble a presumptuous companion, were the principal delights of Mr. Osborne. Yet could this man, implacable by nature, and arrogant by system, yield, with obsequious servility, to the

7

the charms and dictates of the softer sex.
At the presence of a fine woman, he calmed,
like Pindar's eagle,

“ The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.”

He softened the rigorous aspect by which
pleasure and confidence had been so often
put to flight; by which the meek had been
scared, and the well-bred disgusted. He
displayed courtesousness with such elaborate
solicitude, that every spectator might have
asked,

“ What are these wond'rous civilising arts,

“ This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,

“ That render man thus tractable and tame?”

ADDISON'S CATO.

To the house of this man, Leland and
Captain Strwley conducted their lovely
charge, and resigned her to the care of
Mrs. Osware; the lineaments of whose
H 4 character

character it will here be necessary to delineate. She was the daughter of a Mr. Malynes; and, having a large fortune, and great beauty, was married very young. . She did not possess much of the *milk* of human kindness, but exhibited a plentiful share of that *friendly gall*, with which she often treated her friends; whom she *wished well* to, by serving up their faults with an unwelcome solicitude. Sometimes she criminated them by oblique railings at a particular species of folly which she knew they were most prone to; sometimes by direct accusations and long harangues; sometimes by ridicule; sometimes by severity. No time, or event, but what served her purpose; for, like Jaques, "she sucked melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs." Like the fool he describes,

"in

“ in her brain,
 “ Which was as dry as the remainder biscuit
 “ After a voyage, she had strange places cramm'd
 “ With observation, which she vented
 “ In mangl'd forms”—

and her great wish was his ;

“ I must have liberty
 “ Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 “ To blow on whom I please.”

This rendered her more the *friend* than the *favourite* of her acquaintance ; for it was impossible to appease her unwearied thirst of correction, when she saw—or, indeed, when she did *not* see—a frailty. Her husband's ferocity had given a tinge of terror to the name of Ofwarne ; and his wife had added a supplemental power of repulse.

At the arrival of Emily, with Leland and Captain Stawley, the former announced the business privately to Mr. and Mrs. Ofwarne, before they introduced the lady.

“ I have

" I have met with the oddest adventure,
 " Mr. Osborne—"

O. Come, sit down, and don't tell us a long story, for I'm half tired before you begin.

L. A young lady has been deluded to the house of that rascal Albin; and, being a stranger to his character, she suffered herself to be delivered from the cruelty of her family, in order to fly for refuge to the arms of her lover, whom Albin pretended was his particular friend. She had the highest confidence in this scoundrel's pretended virtues, and she could hardly be persuaded that he is the villain we all know him to be.

Mrs. O. Well, but she should at least have taken care to——

O. Do, d—n you both! finish your story, and don't keep me listening all night
 to

to the lies of one, and the nonsense of the other.—Do, Leland, be merciful, and finish.

E. As I saw the imminent danger she was in, and found, by her terror and exclamations, that she was not a common girl, I have persuaded her to leave his house, and have brought her here, where——

O. (*Rising up.*) The devil! she is here then! What, I suppose she is pretty! I'll go down and peep.

E. No, no; I'll introduce her to you. Don't see her before she is presented to you. Come, I'll bring her up.

O. One peep, or I die! Stand out of the way——Is she young? The dear little soul! Well, and so you brought her——Why, you young rake-hell, you don't mean to make my house a——But, however, I'll go and look at her, and judge for myself.

Mrs.

Mrs. O. Indeed, my friend Leland, you seem to have acted very imprudently here. Would any body bring a stranger to one's house, without knowing who she is, or considering the disagreeable consequences of involving one in a dispute with Mr. Albin, or her own friends?

L. Dear madam, hear her story, and see her. She is an angel in person, and in manners. She is very young; and if you knew the circumstances of her elopement, and the reasons for it, you would not judge hardly of her.

Mrs. O. Truly, I do not see how you can judge otherwise. But pray, Leland, how can you have your hair dressed so vilely? it is by much the worst managed of any head I know; and that hat is surely not of the newest fashion. I was going

to mention an additional impropriety to-day, before you went out, but you was in such a hurry, which is another very ill-judged method you have of conducting yourself.

L. My dear madam, how can you think of such trifles when there is a matter of real consequence in agitation. This poor young lady——

Mrs. O. Did she walk here?

L. Ay, sure! how the devil could we bring her else?

Mrs. O. There she was very much to blame. That does not give me, now, the highest opinion of her in the world. What has she got on?

L. 'Pon my soul I have not remarked. Do you suppose I had nothing else to think of but her dress?

Mrs.

Mrs. O. Ay, ay, as you say, I'm afraid you did think of something else. Really, you should have consulted me, Leland, before you did it.

L. 'Sdeath, madam! how could I consult you, when there was not a moment to be lost in releasing her from the danger?

Mrs. O. You are quite wrong. What, she came very willingly, I suppose?

L. No, really, she was long before she could resolve upon doing either one thing or the other; either venture herself with strangers, or remain at Albin's.

Mrs. O. There now! you see how liable she is to act absurdly. . . That she could think of preferring Mrs. Albin's protection to mine! That alone is such a proof of her ignorance and folly, that it can hardly be paralleled.

L. Dear

L. Dear Mrs. Osbourne, you will not comprehend. I am very sorry you determine upon viewing the business in a culpable light; indeed you injure her by your strange arguments.

Mrs. O. O yes, I dare say it's all my fault; I made her run away, and I brought her here—Yes, yes, I alone am to blame!

L. Will you have the goodness to hear; and, when you have done that, will you, for once, stretch a point, and make use of your understanding? or, if you have none, I'll lend you mine.

Mrs. O. Very well, Leland: this you call friendly, I suppose. Ah! it was your mother's fault, and I always told her so, that you was so early encouraged in perverseness: The good lady had but few failings; nevertheless, she certainly indulged you too much:

much. Heaven bless her! I shall see her very frequently so.

L. Dear Mrs. Ofwarne, the young lady is waiting.

Mrs. O. Ay, now you see how it is! I prefer a little girl, just picked up, to the memory of your mother! Indeed, Leland, you grow worse and worse. There was a time when you loved to sit and talk of your dear, good mother, by the hour together; but every one alters, and you too, I suppose.

L. In one word, Mrs. Ofwarne, shall I introduce the lady, or shall Stawley and I set off to town with her immediately? One or the other must be done, for it is not an affair to trifle about.

Mrs. O. No; that is what makes me so uneasy. If she is a girl of fortune and
of

of consequence, you have done a most meritorious act; but I fancy, when the truth comes out, we shall find a different story.

Lel. Well, here comes Mr. Oswarne with her. Poor thing! she is terrified to death. She is a very delicate creature.

Mrs. O. I shall judge of her by her principal failing.

Ofw. I intreat you, madam, to walk up. Mrs. Oswarne is above: every protection that her friendship and my esteem can afford you, depend upon enjoying. — Stand out of the way, Stawley; put your d—d elbow in your pocket, if you can make no other use of it than sticking it in my way! — Mrs. Oswarne, here is the young lady, whom our friends have done us the favour to recommend to our care; pray treat her affectionately. When angels visit

us, they demand more than mortal attendance.

Mrs. O. Certainly! And I dare say, from the appearance of the lady, we shall find no impropriety in her conduct, to make us repent our attention to her.

Emily. Indeed, madam, if ever your generosity was extended to the unfortunate, it could never be more safely shewn than to me. I have been no otherwise blameable than in preferring the honourable partiality of a faithful lover, to the rigorous bondage of a parent, who had forgot the duties of a mother, and the claims of a child.

Mrs. O. The young lady speaks very well, Mr. Ofwarne, if——

Ofw. Then, for God's sake, do let her go on; and don't indulge your own silly prattle, at her expence.

Mrs.

Mrs. Q. I was going to——

Ofw. Expose yourself. No—do have a little mercy upon your reputation— not for your own sake, but for mine.

Mrs. Q. This hasty temper of your's, my dear, is intolerable.

Ofw. Quarter, quarter! Why can't you sit down, and be quiet? You've the most diligent tongue!——Dear madam, let me intreat you to proceed; I wish much to hear your story: but I think some refreshment highly necessary before you sleep, and some sleep before you relate your misfortunes. What will you have?—Ring the bell, Stawley; d——n it, do stir! You move like a pendulum, there and back again, without going a bit the faster.

Staw. I wish I was like a pendulum.

Ofw. So do I; I wish you was hung!

Mrs. O. I am very sure, madam, your wrongs must have been very great, and your sufferings incredible! I dare say, they exceed any thing that ever was before known, and are unparalleled in all the accounts of oppression and sorrow; or else, I am certain, you would not have acted in so hasty a manner; as you know, my dear ma'am, the world, whom you may suppose me to represent——

Osw. Ay! then, by G—, there's nothing in the world worth living for!

Mrs. O. How can you, Mr. Osbourne, be so imperious?—I say, my good lady, people are so apt to talk——

Osw. Yes, damn 'em! when they should be getting something for the young lady to partake of. But since none of you will move in the business, nor put your hand to any

any thing but the bells, I'll see what can be done.

Mrs. O. It makes no doubt but John will come presently, Mr. Osborne.

Let. Let us go and see if—
I. Stay. Ay, do; we'll both go and look for—

Os. Zounds! go then as fast as you can.

Saying this, he put his hand on each shoulder, and, giving them a violent push, sent both to the bottom of the stairs, and then followed himself with becoming phlegm and tranquillity.

Mrs. O. As we are now alone, madam, I may venture just to point out to you the impropriety of this step, and when I know what you have done, and the motives of it, I shall be more able to condemn your conduct.

Emily. I have greater hopes, madam, from your indulgence, than from your equity: I only expect you not to criminate me in your own mind, without being enabled to form a right opinion of my situation. The gentlemen who so kindly protected me hither, gave me reason to expect every thing from your beneficence.

Mrs. O. You must consider, young lady, that I am a woman; and therefore I must have a very high idea of female delicacy. When once that is infringed, the consequences often prove very fatal. I will consider you now as my daughter.

Emily. That is all I ask, madam: shew me but the tenderness due to a daughter, and to one reduced as I am, and I shall be indeed beholden to you.

Mrs. O. Your name is——

Emily.

Emily. I could almost wish to forget my name.

Mrs. O. You cannot expect me, as a woman, to be contented with such an answer. I confess, I am curious to know your history. The failings of our sex, where they do fail, are generally, I am sorry to say it, very unpardonable; and it ill becomes one female to be accessory to the errors of another. I hope, therefore, you will be able to exculpate yourself from any great charge of guilt: if you can, I shall look upon you with admiration, for you are the first female of my acquaintance that ever could.

Emily I cannot help fearing, madam, that your own virtues will lead you to view my deviation in a stronger light than perhaps it deserves: my sex should excuse —

Mr. Osborne, the first of the worst
 apology you could make it had have ten
 thousand reasons, and found out, for the
 commission of a fault—but a woman has
 none; her sex demands the most immacu-
 late purity of fame and of mind: the least
 taint in a man, becomes in a woman such
 a hideous blemish; that all turn away their
 eyes, or behold her with detestation. O
 no! assure you; I hold the faults of women
 to be so—why excusable? but men; each
 ought to find every vindication so sure, that

Mrs. Osborne now returned with the
 two gentlemen, and some refreshment was
 brought, of which Emily partook very
 sparingly. Mrs. Osborne then entreated
 her to relate the circumstances which had
 occasioned so extraordinary an event as
 her arrival at their house. I—(Chap. 3. v.

Ofw. That foolish woman is never weary of hearing herself talk—She does not wish you to tell your story, madam; all she wants is to have the pleasure of listening you. If you'll let her alone, and go to bed, she will as gladly talk of any thing else.

Mrs. O. Is it not strange, Mr. Ofwarne, that I cannot attend—

Ofw. The young lady to her chamber; yes, it is very strange indeed—Ring the bell, one of you two fellows, and don't sit munching, and drinking wine—do put your hand to the bell as well as the bottle—Ay, that's right, ring again, pull—hard, for Mrs. Ofwarne's just going to speak.

Let. You seem much fatigued, madam, (to Emily)—I hope rest will restore you.

Ofw.

Geo. Then do let her alone, and don't worry her with hopes.

Mrs. Q. In the morning, madam, I hope we shall be favoured with your little narrative, which will, I dare say, highly amuse and, still more instruct us; it will, I presume, teach us—

Geo. To hold our tongues; a lesson we want very much to learn. Pray, Mrs. Osburne, do us the favour to breakfast in bed to-morrow morning; I'll let you know when the lady has finished her story.

Emily. I feel myself under the most cruel embarrassment at the idea of relating the events of my life; and I am shocked at the idea of giving so much trouble to such a generous family.

Geo. You lovely creature, how can you call that a trouble which we look upon as the

the highest honour! If the sacrifice of my life would do you any service, believe me, I should think the demand made to me a favour. Pray retire to rest; I cannot bear to see you thus harrassed by a wasp and a couple of butterflies! Do, let me intreat you, my sweet girl, let me prevail upon you to recruit your strength by repose. Close those brilliant eyes upon the world, and let them know their value, by being deprived of them. I shall esteem this day a feast in the annals of gallantry and hospitality, since it has afforded me so delicious an opportunity of befriending a fair unfortunate. Consider me and mine as only born to serve you, and

Lel. My little endeavours to

Ofw. Go to the devil, and don't interrupt me! Never was any beast so rude as you

are,

are, Leland! A gentleman can't utter a single word, but you are cock-a-hoop to put him out: I have told you of that cursed way a hundred times, and yet you will persist, with your damned endeavours!

Dearest angel, never mind these fops and
fools; look upon me as the best upon
earth, whom you have bestowed the care of your
person, and the safety of your honour. Go
to rest; and all that my house and fortune
can afford, shall ever be your's.

A servant now entered; and Emily, having expressed her acknowledgments, withdrew with Mrs. Osward.

again introduced to the gentlemen
be listened to, fairly recovered, and was
but till the couple returned they would
gratitude and entered the service of, and
held her own ideas respecting temperance

CHAP.

A woman who is above flattery, and despises all praise
but that which flows from the approbation of her
own heart, is, morally speaking, out of the reach of
seduction.

CLARISSA.

THE anguish and anxiety of Emily's
mind, produced a high fever, which
rendered her incapable of appearing at
breakfast the next morning; but in a day
or two, her spirits being soothed by the con-
tinence of Mrs. Osborne, who kindly with-
held her own ideas respecting female im-
prudence, and deferred the artifices of cen-
sure till she could be certain they would
be listened to, Emily recovered, and was
again introduced to the gentlemen.

FAH 2

It

It was now requisite that she should declare what she was; and confirm the detail which had, in the interim, been given by Leland and Stawley. It was some time before she could be prevailed on to discover her name; but the repeated assurances of the company, that she might every way depend on their confidence and honour, induced her at last to say that she was the daughter of Sir Edward Bryant.

Ofw. What! the daughter of Sir Edward Bryant, of H.!

Mrs. O. Is it possible! Our good friend Sir Edward!

Ofw. How charmed I am, my dear madam, to see under my roof the child of my respectable acquaintance Sir Edward! a man whom I esteem more than one half of my friends. I never, I think, had the pleasure

of seeing you before. When I last dined there, which was just before I left town, you was in the country.

Mrs. O. I remember now, though it did not occur to me before, that Mr. Osborne told me how Lady Bryant, that day, talked a great deal about the duty of children to parents; and said, what a melancholy thing it was to consider the difficulties mothers had to conquer the stubborn-

Os. Now you're at it again! What a monster you must be, to reflect on such a lovely charmer as this is! I'll be slighted in love, if she is to blame in the affair. Was I Miss Bryant, I would not tell a word of my history, except to the master of the house, whom she knows is bound to her by the tender influence of the fair sex.

Mrs. O. Mr. Osborne, your impertinence

nance amazes me! It can be equalled by nothing but your ignorance of decorum. The character of a young woman——

Osw. Is damnably unlike that of an old one! *You* may go on without fear of hurting your's; or else you would not take such liberties with it.

Mrs. O. Mr. Oswarne, I must correct you in that respect: when a woman is single, there is every caution requisite to the nice management of herself; the *economy of fame* ought then to be her principal object——

Osw. As it is your's, for you are d—d frugal of your reputation. If you have a good character, you keep it all to yourself, for nobody ever perceived it.

Emily. It gives me infinite concern, that I should be the cause of any difference
between

between two people whose life is much my friend. I beg and entreat you to put an end to the disagreement.

Lal. Bless you, madam, this is nothing! Don't be uneasy; the good folks understand one another perfectly well—I mean by that, they *misunderstand* one another. They know what they are about. Far be it from any body to interrupt them! No, no, as their humours suit so exactly, why should one urge them to *divorce* the dispute?

Ouf. Come, you blockhead, what do you mean?—Go on, dear Miss Bryant: I shall never hear the account which I am so much interested in. Let me know how I can serve you.

Emily began. She related the whole narrative, from her first interview with Bruce, till her flight from her father's house.

—Herald.

K

house.

nouse. She did not once endeavour to palliate her own imprudence in the last step which she had taken. She laid much stress on the insolent intrusions of Lady Warynton; but passed slightly over the detail of her mother's tyranny. She was indeed an utter stranger to the flagitious breach of every duty which Lady Bryant had shewn, in coining the falsehood relative to Emily's depravity; and the tale was so improbable and ill-woven that every one would not receive it. When she mentioned the information she was furnished with by Albin, concerning Bruce's return, "My dear lady," said Oswarne, "how have you been deceived! Mr. Bruce, your lover, is still at Oxford: I know his family well, and can assure you that he has never left that place. It is imagined

"he is to remain there a year or two
 "longer, unless his father should have ano-
 "ther fit of illness." Emily was petrified
 with wonder at this notable discovery. "It
 "cannot be, Sir," said she, with a falter-
 ing voice; "he has written me many letters
 "since he returned; he has indeed: I will
 "shew you the direction of some of them."
 She brought the collection which she
 had received after she became intimate
 with the Albins. Upon a near investiga-
 tion, the difference in the hand-writing
 was detected, with some difficulty; and she
 was at last convinced that the recent
 epistles were the forgeries of her betrayer.
 Her story excited the wonder and the com-
 passion of the company. "And now that
 "you are safe, my lovely charge," said Of-
 warne, "dictate to me in what manner I

K 2

"shall

“shall announce your security to your
 “friends. These fellows here, and my-
 “self, will go to your family, if you approve
 “it, and reveal the pleasing intelligence
 “of your arrival, to-morrow morning.”

Emily paused: “I would first know, Sir,
 “if they regret me; I would wish to be
 “informed with what sorrow they bewail
 “my absence: nor must it be expected that
 “I am to be carried to them as a criminal
 “who has fled from justice; or restored to
 “them as a weak and thoughtless girl,
 “who sought for an opportunity to dis-
 “tinguish herself by her folly. I have done
 “nothing but upon principle; I have
 “shunned the insolence of officious and im-
 “pertinent friends, who made no allowance
 “for the levity consonant to my age, or the
 “softness natural to my sex: they denied me
 “not

“ not only innocent pleasure, but necessary
 “ liberty: my health was injured by confine-
 “ ment, and my spirits depressed by ill treat-
 “ ment. Had I been a boy, they dared not
 “ have oppressed me; the world would have
 “ been in arms against *the insulted rights*
 “ of a man: but the women are doomed to
 “ suffer in silence; if they are not forgot-
 “ ten, they are not pitied, for *retreat is their*
 “ proper station; and if they complain with
 “ vehemence, their *want of temper* justifies
 “ all their punishments. Had my own fa-
 “ mily been content merely to regard me
 “ as an inmate, as a ward entrusted to their
 “ care, and entitled to nothing but civility
 “ and competence; had they reformed my
 “ errors with a lenient hand, and indulged
 “ me in the gratification of moderate desires;
 “ I should not have been in a situation to fo-

“licit the candour and assistance of this
 “company. I will not presume to say that
 “my whole conduct would have invariably
 “done honour to their instructions and
 “their tenderness; but I would have
 “pledged my life never to have disgraced
 “them by any unpardonable act of disobedience or temerity.”

The tears of Emily evinced her sincerity; and every one, except Mrs. Osborne, was deeply affected.

Mrs. O. And so then, Miss Bryant, you still persist in your opinion? I hope you will think better of it; for indeed, when a young girl has committed a fault, she ought to recollect herself, and reform.

Em. You have a right, madam, to be severe upon my late behaviour. You may, with a *propriety almost legal*, censure one, who

who is at present very far from being able to discuss the nicer rules of decorum. I shall endeavour to shew a very grateful sense of your hospitable treatment, for I shall receive your acrimony with the most studied politeness.

Mrs. O. And so then——

“ D—n you,” said Osborne; “ I’ll turn
“ you out of the room! When once you
“ women get hold of a sister’s failing, you
“ are always vexed that you could not add
“ that to the catalogue of your own. Now
“ do you envy this poor girl the commis-
“ sion of a fault, which would have been lost
“ in the eddy of your tumultuous follies.”

Mrs. O. How am I——

“ O. It would have been lost—I say it
would—yes, it would have been utterly un-
seen, nobody would have been the better for

it. Your great absurdities furnish a laugh now and then to the fools who have nothing else to do, and keep such people as Leland and t'other chap employed, and out of mischief: but Miss Bryant's fault would have been a drop in the ocean.

Mrs. O. It is a matter so obvious, Mr. Osbourne, that I rather could wish you would take time to think about it. Here, on one side, is a young woman——

Osw. Yes, and on t'other an old one, who I wish was any where else.

Mrs. O. I am inclined to think——

Osw. Then indulge it; for I had rather you should think like a fool, than talk like one.

Lel. At least, Miss Bryant, it will be but compassionate to your father to let him know you are safe, if you do not wish he should

should be informed where you are. If you will honour me with the commission, I shall be very happy to shew my skill in acquitting myself to his comfort, and your satisfaction.

Em. I am sure, Sir, you are a man of honour, and may be trusted: the care you took of me, when I was in my distressed situation, so lately, entitles you to my fullest confidence.

A servant now rung at the gate, and Mr. Ofwarne was asked, by his own man, if he would be at home to Mr. Albin? Emily was terrified at his arrival, and it was agreed that the whole party should retire into another room, except Ofwarne, who told the servant to shew Albin up. Ofwarne and Albin had not lately visited. The smooth and easy manners of the latter were

were a perfect contrast to the rugged asperity of Ofwarne. When Albin's nefarious conduct in the world began to be known, Ofwarne would never speak, *nor even bow to him*; for his own sense of integrity was very strong, and it was his pride to affront every man whom he could not reform. His relationship to Leland, whom Albin had, during his minority, so infamously wronged, was another bar to any interchange of civility, had Ofwarne been inclined to renew their acquaintance. The present business, however, made it necessary for them to meet, as Ofwarne had an earnest wish to tell every man his opinion: Albin was therefore introduced.

Alb. How do you do, dear Mr. Ofwarne? I am delighted to see you. How well you look! still that freshness of the countenance,

countenance, that gay, florid appearance; which you used to wear. Ah, my dear Sir, you see me in the deepest distress; such a circumstance has happened, that reduces me to the most desperate situation; I have hopes that you may be able to give me some information upon a point so essential to my happiness and to my honour: I have therefore taken the liberty to wait on you; though I fear, from your late flights, you did not wish to see me. This opportunity, however, I shall ever respect; as it gives me the highest pleasure to inquire after your health, and to find you perfectly at your ease in every respect. How does good Mrs. Osborne? I hope her spirits do not fail her: she was ever used to be remarkably gay and lively; her airy conversation has often diverted me: I hope she

is

is still in possession of those spirits which afforded herself and her friends so much entertainment.

Ofw. Her tongue, like your's, never fails her; and her front is about as immovable, only with this difference, that she has nothing to reproach herself with. Have you any thing to say to me? if you have, say it, and be gone.

Alb. I should be infinitely pleased, could I assure myself of your good wishes and friendly help in a very unfortunate affair, that has lately happened to me. As a neighbour I respect Mr. Ofwarne, for his known sincerity and uprightness——

Ofw. Pray do not keep me here complimenting all day. Have you any thing to impart? Have your sheep got the rot? Have your ducks strayed? Has any part
of

of your house fallen in and was your wife unluckily gone to town that day?

Alb. You are very pleasant.

Ofw. Indeed! why that's not very common with me. I don't know that I was ever told so before.

Alb. Every one will do me the justice to allow, that I always thought so, and said so.

Ofw. And is that what you came about?

Alb. Dear Sir, you're positively lively to-day. No, my affair is most affecting indeed. But now may I depend upon your confidence and your help, in so dreadful a matter?

Ofw. Upon neither. It can be no secret with Mr. Albion, that you and I hate one another most abominably. If I had interest enough to promote you to the gallows,

lows, or to get you a *fine cure* place in yonder river, no endeavours of mine should be wanting to alter your situation ; and I dare say your opinion of me, and your good wishes for my interest, are equally cordial : thus far place every dependance upon me. If you tell me a secret, be assured I will divulge it ; if you want my help, I'll certainly refuse it, or, if I can, give it to your adversary ; if you are in distress—there is the door, and you know your way out : if you are still in prosperity, there is the window, out of which you shall presently depart, if you do not go the way you came in. Tell the story of your misfortunes, that I may have the satisfaction of knowing villainy has had it's reward ; and you will, for the first time in your life, have done a neighbourly action.

Alb.

Alb. I have not deserved this treatment, Sir, from you : but you are in your own house, and consequently safe from my resentment. But now, good Mr. Osborne, do not suffer your temper, for a moment, to get the better of your judgment : hear my story, and judge of my situation. I am a very unhappy man.

Os. Who the devil doubts it? Can a person live as you have done, Albin, and be happy? But come, don't keep me here all day, for I am engaged. What have you got to say? Is it any thing about the great tithes? or have you bought your house upon a false title? or do you want to build a church, and can't raise a subscription?

Alb. Do you imagine, Sir, that these trifles can excite any uneasiness in me?

No,

No, dear Sir, it's a matter of far greater moment. A young lady who has been, for a few days, on a visit to Mrs. Albin——

Osw. Now, Albin, I'll set you right: I see it's a long story, and you open with a lie—therefore I'll tell you; you may make yourself easy on the subject: Miss Bryant is in my house, and as she has escaped from your den, I shall take care to conduct her in safety to her family. No words! here she is, and here she shall remain. I desire no farther discourse with you; and so I wish you any thing but a good day.

Alb. Mr. Ofwarne, this is strange behaviour! Sir, I am to be answerable for the young lady; and I demand her.

Osw. You'll do nothing else, I promise you.

Alb.

Alb. You are mistaken; I shall do a great deal more. It is not——

Osw. By G——! go down stairs—Stir, move, or I'll—Do, pray go, before any mischief comes on't. The lady is here, and I will protect her.

Alb. You have no right, I insist upon seeing her: she is somewhere here; I will speak to her.

“ You must first speak to me!” said Leland, who now burst into the room. At the view of Leland, Albin's voice failed him, and he turned pale in an instant. Leland rung the bell: “ I suppose your horses
“ are ready, and there is your way down.
“ Never let me see your face again in any
“ house which I frequent. My own wrongs
“ I have forgiven you; and the various re-
“ ports I have heard of you have excited

VOL. II.

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“ no

" no other sentiments in me, than those of
 " fixed and cool detestation; but this has
 " none of a woman of family, and a woman
 " of character, is too precious a charge to
 " be treated with contemptuous indiffe-
 " rence."

" I am not to be bullied out of my
 " senses," replied Albin, " by two men,
 " leagued against me. You have robbed
 " me of the right of protection, a right I
 " would not resign for worlds. I am not
 " a fool, and you know to the contrary :
 " I ask nothing unreasonable. Restore what
 " you have taken from me by those infer-
 " nalous arts, which—

Ofw. Walk out—walk down this in-
 stant. In my house, Sir, do you dare insult
 my friend! This instant vanish—retreat—
 and be taken—

and come—depart, and go away! No reply,
but take yourself out of my doors.

Alb. One word, Mrs. Osborne, before I
go. It is to prove—

Os. Why now, is there any thing so
affronting and so insolent, as to suppose that
I want proofs of your villainy? as if my ap-
prehension was so dull, as if my experience
was so small, as if my comprehension was
so narrow, to want proofs! Sir, I desire—

Alb. You do not see—

Os. Sir, I desire to see nothing: but
your back—do me the favour, Sir, to shew
me your shoulders—to oblige me with your
escape—Damn you, walk out—if you, this
instant, don't—

A servant now entered, and Leland or-
dered Mr. Albin's horses to be ready. The
lady was taken, and Albin withdrew, mut-

tering curses on Ofwarne, on Leland, and on himself.

Lel. Miss Bryant is terrified out of her senses.

Ofw. So are you, or you would never have interrupted us as you did. This fellow would have gone away without *your* shewing yourself, but I suppose you was glad to make your appearance, and exhibit the opportunity you had of being revenged upon him.

Lel. No, really, I only came, as I thought you might wish for my presence.

Emily, Mrs. Ofwarne and Captain Stawley now entered.

Em. I am truly vexed, Sir, at the trouble you may, perhaps, meet with through this effort in my favour: I tremble to think of the effects of Mr. Albin's resentment.

He

He is a powerful man, and you may experience some fatal proofs of his malice and vengeance, if he knows I am here.

Osw. I shall be charmed, dearest madam, to risque my life or fortune in your service. Albin I care very little about; he is a wretch so well known, that if his power was greater than it is, he dare not injure me.

Mrs. O. You did very wrong, Mr. Os-
warne, if you told him Miss Bryant was
here: he will come again to seek for her.

Osw. Not if he knows you are so near.
I shall place the young lady under your
care, that nobody may venture to approach
her.

Lil. That's hard indeed, Mr. Os-
warne—You must be very barbarous, to prevent

L 3

every

every one from having access to Miss Bryant——Surely, madam, you will allow me, who had the honour of your acquaintance first, to be favoured with an occasional interview.

Ofw. Once a quarter you shall peep through a glass-window for five minutes—that will be an *interview*. Or, if you will stand in the street, the lady shall appear at the window, and you may look at her through your opera-glass. She is under my auspices, and I shall take care of her.

Lel. Why, will you let nobody see her?

Ofw. No, I am her father now.

Lel. Then it's your place to give her away.

Ofw. Do, do be serious, and don't be always

ways grinning.—Your mouth is the greatest enemy you have; it is always producing some testimony to your folly.—

Have you yet resolved on any course which I, your humble slave, Miss Bryant, am to take? Will it be right for you to remain concealed here, without giving Sir Edward the least intimation that you are safe? I should think not if you thought so, but I resign every thing to your very superior judgment; a judgment untainted by narrow prejudices, and youthful impetuosity:—

You smile! Indeed I am in earnest. That glow of delicate sensibility, which I see often on your cheek, assures me, that however you may again be prompted to take a hasty step, and however well you might be supported in it, the idea would be spurned with detestation. I cannot therefore, I

must not, it would be insult & insult of the lowest kind, and unworthy of a man, to advise you. You have opinions, and, what is more important, you have principles; let these be your guides. Bear up against the storm which you have to encounter, and look upon me as your firm, your unalterable friend. I have a rudeness in my manners, which ill suits the charming, the attracting, the winning graces of Miss Bryant. I am apt to speak too plain, but never to a lady——

Lel. So that you see, Miss Bryant, you must not rely on what he says.

Emily. I have already, Sir, declared, that if my own choice has any influence with you, I should very much wish to know how my absence has affected my family.

Ofw. Shall I wait upon Sir Edward?

Emily.

Emily. You are too good to me. Indeed, your clemency and candour point out the folly of my conduct more forcibly than all the rigour of reproach, or the fruitless of lofty virtue : but I shall learn less to condemn myself, since the late event has afforded me a more intimate knowledge of Mr. Ofwarne's character.

Ofw. Divine girl! Ay, there it is; there beams the spirit and the goodness which deserves every encouragement!—How can I assist you? Suppose I go to Sir Edward's; I may see Lady Bryant, and may be able to judge of their grief, or indifference, by a short visit. I will then make my report to you: if you think it right to return to them, I will conduct you; if you had rather remain here, and honour
my

my poor house with your presence, I shall think my most earnest endeavours to make you happy, even too abject for your acceptance: my wife and I, with my whole family, will then devote ourselves to your pleasures.

Emily. Your munificence, Sir, oppresses me. Surely I may meet with some lenity from others, if I am thus generously treated by one who knows only the most exceptionable part of my character!

Osw. Nothing could increase the delight I feel in soothing your sorrows, madam, but the pleasure with which you accept my good wishes and humble offerings. Tomorrow morning I will set out for town, and will execute my commission as skillfully as I can,

The

The gentlemen offered their services, which were politely declined by Emily, arrogantly repulsed by Osborne, and meanly censured by his wife with the true spirit of petty cavil.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVI.

Gallantry is not less compatible with wisdom and prudence, than with nature and generosity: and when under proper regulations, contributes more than any other invention to the entertainment and improvement of the youth of both sexes. Were we to rob the feast of all its garniture of reason, discourse, sympathy, friendship, and gaiety, what remains would scarcely be worth acceptance, in the judgment of the truly elegant and luxurious.

HUME'S ESSAYS, Vol. I. *Essay XIV.*

The Rise of Arts and Sciences.

THE admiration of Leland, at the first view of Emily's beauty, began now to form itself into a serious passion; and if he had not thought the juncture highly improper, he would have importunately pleaded the warmth of his partiality, as an excuse for the many amorous glances which he darted at the fair mourner. His situation

situation was very eligible; for the remains of his fortune, which had been rescued from Albin, was still large; and his person was agreeable and insinuating. He had little to fear from his companion, Stawley, the originality of whose character deserves some contemplation. Captain Stawley was about twenty-eight years of age. He had seen much of the world, but, like many others, had regulated the colour of facts by his own opinions, rather than his own opinions by what he saw or heard. His predominating humour was a detestation of all intellectual superiority in the female sex. He loved women, and was a man of great gallantry; but never towards those who united elegant accomplishments, or uncommon sagacity, to the blandishments of beauty and of love.

†

The

The gay, the thoughtless, the ignorant, the luxurious, the simple, the low-bred, and the vulgar beauties, had all charms for him, provided their allurements were not *polluted* by any decorations of mind or body. Dress he hated in a woman, for he thought it loaded the delicacy of her form, and induced that presumption which repulses every one who, but for such a blemish, would adore her perfections. Jewels, feathers, ribbands too obviously or too sprucely displayed; powder, hair too fashionably dressed, habits too elegantly made, were all prohibited by this rigid censor of female superiority. His amours were therefore chiefly confined to the lower classes of society. A blooming country girl, with fine eyes, rosy cheeks, and a hale, robust person, was sure to win his heart, if she dressed plain, and could not read;

read ; but if she was able to peruse novels, or even her bible, he used to say she was undone. A very pretty rustic lass, whom he found in one of the villages at a great distance from London, shot him through the heart by a pair of black eyes ; and, after some parley, he brought her to town. Here she learned to read and to write without his knowledge ; but coming one evening unexpectedly into her apartment, he detected her perusing the Pilgrim's Progress, which some friend had lent her. " You little, perfidious minx ! " exclaimed Stawley, " so you are come to that at last ! " " I thought London would be your ruin ; " and so your mother told you when you talked of leaving her : but, however, since I see your treachery, I shall leave you for ever. Every thing is now at an end between

"'tween us." The poor girl cried terribly, and fell on her knees, begging his mercy: "No, no," said Stawley, "while you remained in your *state of innocence* as I took you, I was always your friend; but, since you would eat of the tree of knowledge, I'll have nothing to do with you after the fall." He gave her a bank-note of twenty pounds, and never saw her again. The unfortunate creature, of course, made a *Pilgrim's Progress* through the world; and, as Stawley often said, was ruined by a state of civilization. The daughter of a countess soon after attracted his notice, and he paid his serious addresses to her; but hearing her one day explain the story in West's Picture of Regulus, he withdrew his admiration, and attached himself to an elegant idiot, who had
nothing

nothing to recommend her but a fine face, a plain habit, and an intimacy with half the town. Stawell always declared, that mental employment absorbed the powers of love in women; for that their minds were naturally too feeble to sustain the fatigue of more propensities than one. "No man," he would say, "can be a statesman and an epic poet both at once; no mind can admit the contemplation of two such dissimilar studies; and women, if they do their duty, will find ample employment in the study of *pleasing*. To correct their petty passions, to reform their caprices, to superintend their domestic, or culinary concerns, are the proper avocations of the fair sex." Stawell would hardly, if he had dared to speak his real sentiments, allow any woman to read; and

VOL. II. M being

being once farcastically asked, "if it was
 "not necessary to teach a girl of fortune
 "her alphabet?" he replied, "Certainly,
 "that she may be able to mark one's
 "linen."

It was not, therefore, highly probable
 that he would be an admirer of Emily,
 whose accomplishments were of the first
 kind, and of which she had long been in
 the full possession.

While she was ill they were unable to
 estimate her talents; but the recovery of
 her spirits displayed them in their full lus-
 tre. Emily's sprightliness, when at its
 height, was uncommonly great; and as her
 mind was somewhat more composed than
 at her first arrival, Leland prevailed upon
 her to converse without restraint. On the
 evening of that day, when she first appeared
 . after

after her illness, Stawell and Leland were alone in the garden, and naturally spoke of Miss Bryant.

Lel. I never, I think, saw so lovely a creature ! and she appears to have the sweetest temper, with a fine spirit, which I adore her for.

Staw. Yes, 'faith, her spirit seems pretty lively ; I had rather be her lover than her husband.

Lel. And to all these beauties, she super-adds a mind so delightfully cultivated, that—

Staw. Ay, there it is—that has been her destruction. Her playing, and drawing, and painting, and singing, and reading, and writing, and all the rest of such trash, has turned her head, and reduced her to what we found her.

Lel. What a beautiful air was that she

M-2 sung !—

fung!—So plaintive, and so expressive of her situation!

Staw. Ay, it would have been exquisite, if it had not been played by a woman.

Lel. And the little sketch of the farm was divine!

Staw. Yes, I fancy she's a little wildly given.

Lel. And the readiness with which she rehearsed part of Pope's Elegy on the death of an unfortunate Lady!

Staw. Very true: she seems to have a most masculine memory——It's strangely indelicate to repeat out of a book, and so correctly too.

Lel. Why, what the devil, would not you have her tell what she knows,

Staw. No, upon no account; I think it highly indecent for a woman to exhibit all
her

her naked notions in company. I would not swear that the girl is not what you call a learned woman; and I'd as soon marry Hecate, and take the cauldron as her portion; for the worst consequence would be

“ Double, double,

“ Toil and trouble.”

Lel. Well, you may laugh—but she has won my heart. She seems equally blessed with beauty of person and endowments of mind. Who is this lover of her's, I wonder, for whose sake she forsook her family? — I've a great mind to go with Ofwarne to-morrow, to Sir Edward's.

Staw. So would I, if I was not ashamed of her erudition——'Pon my soul, it's disgraceful to be the advocate of a man in woman's cloaths.

Lel. You don't merit the honour; for

M 3

you

you have not the sense to understand her virtues.

Staw. There's no end to the plague of learned women. There's Mrs. Hindoo, and her sister, Betty Bramin, always wasting their time in oriental studies, poking over the Koran. I've a cousin who has been three months discovering the organ of hearing in crabs. Another woman is writing about the eclipse at Massachusset's—Indeed, Leland, I'd have nothing to do with any of them. I detected an old creature t'other day writing on the gout—How ugly she was! Never meddle with learned women. A female never looks so charming as when she is mainly ignorant——
"when unadorned, adorned the most," egad.
 —No, no, give me women as they were born; not with minds tortured and twisted
 into

into every shape, so that you cannot distinguish the original one. — Sir, a woman that understands more languages than one, would not scruple to commit adultery ; indeed you may say she has been incontinent already ; for if she reads such a number of books, she has, you know, prostituted her MIND to all comers. I myself have known two or three women who have been kept by almost all the great writers from Homer to Pope ; and I have an old aunt of seventy-two, who, at this hour, intrigues with Tillotson, Shakespeare, Parnell, and three Frenchmen ; Fenelon, Boileau, and Le Sage. Then we wonder, that when people are so immodest, the morals of the age should grow worse. Sir, a woman's mind should be preserved with the same immaculate purity as her person ;

M and

and no more admit an illicit and unlimited commerce one way, than the other : a virgin mind, unstained by ideas, will make a girl what she ought to be ; but when once she begins to sip of knowledge, she will never be easy without *drams of metaphor* and *trope*, or perhaps at last ruin her intellectual constitution and stamina, by the *strong cordials* of wit and sentiment.

They now returned to the house, and the next morning Leland and Osborne set off for London.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVII.

Alike the busy and the gay
 But flutter through life's little day,
 In fortune's varying colours drest;
 Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,
 Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
 They leave in dust to rest.

GRAY, *Ode on the Spring.*

WHEN Bruce arrived in town with young Bryant, they found his mother, Lady Bryant, accompanied by Lady Warynton, and Lady Spelman. She seemed easily soothed by the tenderness of these constant friends, and replied to some vague questions, which her son asked, without much apparent agitation. "How could this odd affair come about, madam?"

said

said the *lively* hope of the Bryant family.

Lady B. Do not increase my affliction, my dear boy, by again reminding me of it. Your sister is abandoned. Why she has deserted such a parent as I have been to her, will, I am afraid, be too soon discovered.

Lady W. Ay, we all know how undutiful she has behaved herself from her cradle; and I hope, child, you will take example from this miserable creature, and so deport yourself to your friends, as to do honour to your family.

Lady Sp. Very true, we have long ago foreseen what would happen: every body was highly sensible of Lady Bryant's goodness.

Lady B. Except her who ought to have the most acknowledged it.

Bry.

Bry. Have you dined, ma'am?—What are we to do? Is my father gone to see for her?

Lady Sp. Lord Warynton, Lord Spelman, and Sir Edward set out in two hours after it was discovered; but as they cannot imagine which way she went, I suppose they will return at night.

Bry. I am very sorry they have so much trouble. Did she take any thing with her, ma'am?

Lady Sp. My good friend, you had better not press question upon question on your good mother. I hope Emily will return to her duty, and this little flaw must be forgotten.

Bry. Ay that's best; I dare say she'll come back in a day or two.

Lady W. I wish principally to console
you,

you, Mr. Bryant, under this discouraging situation, and I am therefore willing to hope the best.

Bry. Yes, it's the best way to be contented.

Lady B. You must not think of going in search of her, my dear boy. Stay you, the pride of my heart, and comfort me in this hour of sorrow.

Bry. What shall we do to pass the time? Shall we talk? I was thinking how it would be with you.—Lord! Lady Warynton, what d'ye think? my poor mare had a fall yesterday, and the creature goes quite lame. I want to call upon Fozard, but my haste in coming here prevented me. I'll go there to-morrow morning.

Lady W. Yes; but, my dear young friend, we must all be affected at this event,
and

and therefore, why should we disguise our feelings? It's so like that disagreeable business of Miss Lightfoot, who ran away with Billy Bark, the lawyer; I was sorry to find myself involved in it, but I did all I could. If I had prevailed, she should long before that have married her guardian; but people are blind to their own happiness. Billy Bark was a pretty fellow too, and might have tied himself to my friend the widow Frisk, if he had known what he was about. I should have managed the whole business much better, if I had not had some other important affairs upon my hands at that time.

Bry. I'm really very much affected—and very dry.

A servant now entered, and announced Miss Benwal, who at a crisis of woe al-

ways ran to *comfort the afflicted*, and to put them in mind of trials for the faith. Let me do her justice: she really wished well to all her friends, and would exert herself in every way to console them under misfortunes, and to congratulate them in prosperity; but her modes of distributing her wishes were singular and eccentric. She drew every idea of good-breeding and complaisance from the Bible; she piqued herself upon her urbanity; and insisted strongly, that every one mentioned with praise in the Bible was *well-bred*. She once wrote a copious commentary on the eighteenth chapter of Genesis, wherein she severely reprobated the *rudeness* and *unpoliteness* of Sarah, in not keeping her countenance when she was promised a child.

Miss Ben. Good Lady Bryant, how are
you,

you, after this said affair?—well; be of good cheer, we were made to suffer, and therefore, depend upon it, it's just as it should be.—Lady Warynton, this is kind of you, to come and help our friend out of the miry clay.

Lady W. I am greatly shocked, Miss Benwal, at this misfortune; but we must submit to the will of Providence.

Miss Ben. Ah! he is very good to us, madam—he is very good to us—he sends meat to the young ravens—all is perfectly right, you need not doubt—I dare say Miss Bryant eloped for some great end.

Lady W. Yes, indeed, so I fear;—but, however, Sir Edward, and the rest of the party who are gone after her, will, I hope, find her, and restore her to the disconsolate family.

+

Miss

Miss Ben. Dear me! What, have you sent after her! I'm surprised at that! Why had you no trust in Heaven, Lady Bryant? Indeed I judge it disobedient to Providence, not to acquiesce with silent obedience and humility to his dictates.

Lady B. For Heaven's sake, Miss Benwal! would you not have me endeavour to regain my child?

Miss Ben. It is true, ma'am, that there are some wicked men, who, as Habakkuk tells us, *take up all of them with the angle*; but we must be resigned, madam—we must be resigned. Your troubles are nothing; I could give you such proofs of how much you might be made to bear!—There was a poor woman with me to-day, who last year fell down, and, please God, put out her elbow; then Heaven thought it right that she

she should providentially lose an eye, and by the grace of God; the surgeon could not restore it; then, ma'am, to complete all, she lost her husband. "*The Lord gave,*" you know, and "*the Lord taketh away—blessed is the name of the Lord.*" Besides, ma'am, remember Job—and Jeremiah—and Jephtha—and Esau, who bartered his birthright for a breakfast—there are instances! I always set them forth. I have done a great deal of devotion to-day—I have indeed: I have breeched two boys, who knew all their catechism, and were of course old enough; I've disposed of a living; heard good little Dapperdo't break the ice, and preach his maiden sermon; I've composed an hymn on the longest day, for the 21st of June; and have proposed a prize poem for my poor house, the subject as follows, *Haman's*

VOL. II.

N

last

last dying speech before he was hanged. It is a fine scope for poetry. I've given some hints—such as these: he relates seeing Vashti in a vision—Remorse on her pride—Insinuates that he borrowed money from Mordecai the Jew—Reflections on compound interest—Haman's invocation to the hangman—A very fine simile of hemp: there I mean the poet should introduce some lines on the utility of poor-houses. The poem is to *close* with a very fine preface, in which the author is to narrate the *origin and progress* of things to come.

The mention and description of Miss Benwall's poem, were so abstracted from the situation, and so far above the comprehension of Lady Bryant, as well as her guests, that they hardly knew what answer

to make; at last, however, Lady Warynton, who loved to be busy, spoke thus.

Lady W. Pray, Miss Benwall, do you mean to say any thing in it about undutiful children, and such as laugh at the good advice given them.

Miss Ben. Certainly! Eliska will do—and there I'll make the bard bring in the bears—

Lady W. Out of the wood?—

Lady B. Or rather, into it—but indeed, Miss Benwall, I approve your plan extremely.

Mr. Temple was now unluckily announced, and, after him, Lady Lucy Veer, with some others, who were very intimate in the family; and, among them, young Evelyne.

No one expected to have seen Lady Bry-

ant: from motives of delicacy, she ought to have kept herself private, and seen only a few friends, with whom she might have placed her hand before her face, “ *to hide* “ *the floods of tears she did—not shed.*” But she preferred shewing how well, how philosophically, she bore the loss of her daughter; and her nice sense of honour, and *tenderness* for Emily’s character, would not allow any one to tell the story of her flight but herself. Her levee was therefore soon full; the kindness of a few, the malignity of many, and the curiosity of all, quickly raised a regiment of consoling inquirers, who for once really “ *preferred visiting the house of* “ *mourning to the house of feasting.*”

Lady B. How very kind it is in you all to visit me in this distressing situation? The meeting of so many friends takes off a lit-

tle

tie from my excessive grief.—Dear Lady Lucy Veer, I am glad you *made up your mind* at last to call upon me—and you too, Mr. Temple: all this greatly delights me.

Mr. Tem. Why really, I hardly ever saw your ladyship's rooms so full. I should be unwilling to give them more praise than is their due; but I presume they assemble here to prevent *your* grief being *fatal* to you. Every one knows how deeply such a loss as Miss Bryant must affect you: and it is, perhaps, difficult to say, whether your female visitors, or yourself, most earnestly wish for her return.

Lady L. Veer. Well, I protest, Mr. Temple, I do admire your irony—No, upon recollection, I detest it, for it always wounds in the tenderest part—But again, your gallantry makes amends; and yet

your conclusions undo every thing: not that you infer very rudely from our sex, but still you are too hard upon them.

Lady B. My dear friends, I am really charmed with the sincerity of your condolence. The heart-felt sorrow you testify at my recent misfortunes, the gloom which is spread over your countenances, and the tears which bedew your cheeks, are proper evidences to the severity of my affliction. I am as much obliged to Mr. Temple, for *putting his merriment in mourning.*

Mr. Tem. As we, madam, should be, were you to shew your's in its true colours. I came, my good Lady Bryant, not to condole. Your own philosophical disposition must teach you to bear so dreadful, so irreparable a loss, as being deprived of the contemplation of your daughter's beauty,

Beauty, wit, accomplishments, elegance, and taste. It is a loss, madam, which we are all sensible of, but none so much so as your ladyship. Her return would have the strongest effect upon us all; but the affection, tenderness, and candour of a mother, would, I firmly believe, be yet more *visibly* touched at the sight of her. Every mother is not like Lady Bryant; but, indeed, the world know not how justly to estimate *your* maternal worth. They will all, however, unite in declaring, that Lady Bryant has most scrupulously avoided lavishing on her dear Emily that pernicious indulgence, which leads children of every age into the commission of indiscretions. If your daughter quitted you, madam, she deserted a situation which the severest devotee, and the most sullen moralist, might

have selected as the surest passport to future felicity.

Lady Bryant bit her lips with rage and shame. She dared not pursue Mr. Temple with any acrimony, and she was astonished to find that he knew her real conduct towards Emily.

Evelyne now addressed Lady Bryant, in a pathetic and elegant compliment, on the grief of her friends for the recent event. He then endeavoured to amuse her with some airy conversation; and succeeded so well, that in half an hour her ladyship burst into a laugh, which she had some difficulty to smother, when she recollected the impropriety of it. The visit ended in about three hours, and Evelyne returned in the carriage with Mr. Temple. As they were quitting the room, Temple said to Evelyne,

lyne, "I have not heard you say any thing
 " applicable to this melancholy assembly."
 The latter seemed not to attend to him,
 but in a few minutes he took down a little
 drawing of the rape of Proserpine, with
 Ceres in the back-ground, executed by
 Miss Bryant. The goddess was accom-
 panied by her nymphs, who appeared con-
 soling her on the loss. Evelyne took out
 his pencil, and wrote at the back of the
 drawing, the following lines from the tenth
 Canzone of Chiabrera. The epigramma-
 tic application forcibly struck those who un-
 derstood them, and Evelyne retired with
 some applause :

Vid' io ne' più dolenti
 Scherzi, sortisi e giuochi ;
 Piaghe, tormenti e fochi
 Vid' io ne' i più contenti.



C H A P.

C H A P. XVIII.

Il faut s'honorer pour être honorés ; comment peut-on mériter le respect d'autrui sans en avoir pour soi-même ?

ROUSSEAU, *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, 7. p. 1. 131

BRUCE, who could get no intelligence from any of the domestics, had recourse to Mrs. Lewston. She had sufficient love for herself to disown any knowledge of Emily's escape before it happened; but by being much importuned, and a few presents given to her, with the addition of some exhilarating beverage, she was prevailed on, like the insidious Philoctetes, to point to the place which she would not name. She indicated the road which the distressed fugitive had taken, but without any

any other information than that she *believed* she was under the care of some people of fortune, who loved her ; and that she was to meet a young gentleman, to whom she had been long attached. Bruce started at the news, and, after promising the utmost secrecy to Mrs. Lewiston, repaired immediately to Colonel Orford, whom he found at home. He was so deeply affected with the loss of Miss Bryant, that Orford had much difficulty to make him render an intelligible account of the affair. After some lamentations, and considering what plan he should adopt for the recovery of his mistress, or the settlement of his own situation in life, he determined to give up every thing to love and Emily ; to see the *base usurper* of her heart, to reproach her with the breach of trust and decorum, and to endeavour,

endeavour, from her penitence and remorse, to find sufficient reasons for restoring her to his good opinion. He persuaded Orford to accompany him in this search for her; adding, that if he was so happy as to bring her back to the family, it might be an inducement to them, when he made himself known, to admit his suit, and to receive him as her husband. That Lady Bryant's cruelty alone, he was sure, had driven her to seek for refuge in the house of another; that he could depend upon his Emily's constancy to her Bruce, though fear and impetuosity had made her do an imprudent action: that the story of another lover was infamously false, for that a passion like *his* and Emily's could never be changed. Orford could not help smiling at his friend's romantic enthusiasm, though he sincerely pitied

pitied his distress. As he was an idle man, and very good-natured, he consented readily to accompany him; and the next morning was the appointed time, though Bruce was very unwilling to wait so long, and frequently repeated that the *present hour* was the season of lovers.

At his return, he revealed his intention to Mrs. Lewston; she faithfully promised to *remain ignorant* of his departure, for he told her, that his whole wish was to serve the family, especially Sir Edward, for whom he had a great respect: as a proof of it, he should say nothing to Lady Bryant, nor perhaps return to the house again, unless he could find Miss Bryant. That they were welcome to the little service he had rendered them, during the short time he lived with Sir Edward, and expected no recompence

pence but the honour of his good opinion.

The next morning, before fix o'clock, he went to Orford's; their horses being ready, they departed. After riding about a mile, during which Bruce was very silent, " You know," said Orford, " I am happy
 " to serve you ; but, upon my soul, I think
 " your pursuit of this girl is very wild : you
 " are, I suppose, not more warmly attached
 " to her than you have been to fifty before ;
 " and therefore, as she has probably fled
 " with a more favoured swain, " *let her,*
 " *let her go, and never never mind her.*"
 " Your ardour will no doubt soon wear off."

Bruce. What did you say ? " *Wear off!*"
 "*wear off!*" I account this ill usage, Orford; and I thought you knew me too well to suspect I would bear even a friend's de-

rision of my fidelity in love. There is a difference, Sir, between a light inclination, and a fond, a noble, an ever-living passion; a passion which none but fools ridicule, and which none but vicious men deprave; a passion which can only be expressed by poetry——

Col. Orf. And can only be correctly defined by prose.

Bruce. You who never had either passion or poetry, can form no adequate idea of the delights in one or the other. I have indulged in both.

Col. Orf. And one has always been as wild as the other; both have been devoid of uniformity and taste; both have great resemblance, and the only different feature in them is, that your passion is always found too short, and your poetry too long.

Bruce.

Bruce. Who made you a critic ?

Col. Orf. A good critic never wastes his time on unworthy contemplation ; I therefore shall not stop to notice your mad metre : nay, I'll do more ; I'll criticise all your future poems, on condition you will not expect me to read them ; and I'll approve all your mistresses to come, provided you'll not think it necessary I should admire them.

Bruce. I am ashamed to hear you talk so childishly, Orford ; you will make me have a mean opinion of your discernment, and a still meaner of your friendship : that man cannot but appear despicable in the eyes of every one, who, when his friend claims his assistance, only bestows an idle jest, or a giddy laugh, at the most serious considerations.

Col.

Col. Orf. Did you ever yet meet with any body who could keep their countenance, when you talked of a solid and serious passion?

Bruce. I never knew a real friend, let his companion's grief be either seriously true, or skilfully artificial, who, if he really felt the regard he professed, could indulge his propensity to merriment at the time when such a friend appeared agonizing with all the pangs of the fatal passion. If my fondness is transient, you ought at least to pity me, for you see it produces all the effects of a long and a tried attachment.

Col. Orf. Yes, yes, it may be a *tried* attachment; I only say it is not a *proved* one.

Bruce. It is proved; proved incontestibly—proved by my thoughts, my looks, my words, and my actions: the whole bu-

finest of my life is to shew that I live only for Emily Bryant.

Col. Orf. As you have lived for, and lived with, her predecessors, who reigned in your heart. How many have been elected and deposed in the last twelve-month? This little soul, whom, I presume, you know no more of than a mere common acquaintance, has now gained a despotic sway, and you are flying to her standard; when, in a month, if a more powerful beauty comes, you forget your fealty, and desert to some *common friend of mankind*.

Bruce. I pity your narrow prejudices, that prevent your distinguishing a true from a false love. Were I to forfeit my allegiance to my Emily, I should deserve to be the object of public scorn and hatred.

When I forget her, I must forget myself; nay, what would be even more vile, more culpable, more unpardonable, I must forget my friends: that sacred source of undeviating virtue, and unfailing happiness, would be the next sacrifice to the resignation of my mistress — Dear Emily! — Excellent friends! — Reign, reign together in this heart! Share that plenitude of enthusiasm which I am proud to acknowledge for you all. — How great it is to be a friend! Recollect Pylades and Orestes; contemplate Nysus and Euryalus; Achilles and Patroclus; add to these my friends, and I —

They had now proceeded some miles, and were riding over a heath, when they were overtaken by a young lady on horseback, with a servant. They were on a

brisk trot, and the lady's horse threw her immediately after she had passed them ; one of her feet being fixed in the stirrup, she would have been dragged along by the horse, if Orford and Bruce had not rode up, and, seizing the animal by the bridle, rescued the lady, perhaps, from being torn to pieces.

After some little conversation, she said, she had but two miles to go home, and was not apprehensive of any immediate danger, either from the accident or the horse. She wished them good morning, and, mounting again, galloped away with great spirit.

“ Faith,” said Orford, “ I was half afraid
 “ we must have seen her home ; it was not
 “ very gallant to let her go without a guide
 “ or protector : but the urgency of our af-
 “ fairs

"fairs must plead our excuse. She may
 "meet with another accident—Well, how-
 "ever, it would be cruel to put your gal-
 "lantry to so very severe a trial. Come,
 "let us endeavour to gain by speed, the
 "time we have lost through this little
 "affair." Bruce made no reply; he
 stood staring, with his eyes resolutely fixed
 on the road the lady took when she left
 them. "She is a fine girl," pursued Or-
 ford; "and I should be sorry to hear she
 "came to any mischief through my want
 "of good breeding: as to you, it was very
 "excuseable, for your mind must be so
 "utterly taken up with your Emily, that
 "it would have been a species of incon-
 "stancy in you to have saved a fine girl
 "from any danger, by employing that time
 "which ought to be dedicated only to your
 "mistress.

“mistress. I forgive you, and so, I am
 “sure, would the whole world. Nay, nay,
 “Bruce, be not mortified at your rudeness
 “to her; the coldness you shewed was
 “very proper, and quite consistent with
 “your situation: could it be explained to
 “the lady, she has sufficient knowledge of
 “a lover’s anxiety, I dare say, to excuse
 “you. Come, cheer up; she does not
 “know your name, and perhaps, in so
 “short a time, hardly your person; so you
 “need not fear being branded for a clown.
 “Let us make haste, for you want to fol-
 “low Miss Bryant, and I want some break-
 “fast.” Bruce still remained stretching
 out his neck after the lady, and remained
 totally inattentive to all his friend’s ha-
 rangue. The colonel urged him to set
 off;

off; upon which, being struck with the lady's beauty, he proclaimed to Orford his sense of the barbarity in leaving a woman in distress, and concluding his speech with the words, *we must take care of her*, he spurred his steed, and followed the lady.

Colonel Orford's astonishment for some time overcame every other consideration. He at first began to think he had mistaken Bruce's words; but finding he was out of sight, thought it high time to pursue him. He overtook him about a mile distant (so rapidly had Bruce proceeded) just as he came up with the lady: "Our rudeness, madam," said Bruce to her, "can only be equalled by our want of humanity in leaving so charming a woman to the fatal accidents you might

O 4

"meet

“ meet with before you arrive at your own
 “ house. I am quite shocked at the sense
 “ of our unpardonable negligence, and
 “ could not resist soliciting permission
 “ to entreat forgiveness, at your own
 “ house, where we must positively attend
 “ you.”

Orford was petrified with wonder; he
 had really not power to speak; and when
 he began to recover himself, was trans-
 ported with indignation. He soon, how-
 ever, addressed the lady.

Col. O. Had you known, madam, the
 indispensable affair we were engaged in,
 which was to search for a young—

Br. No matter what we were engaged
 in; every thing ought to give way to the
 interests of a woman in distress.—I hope,
 madam,

madam, you accept my apology; and, as a proof of it, that you will accept my services.

The lady surveyed them with amazement, as she did not expect to see them again, and was not prepared for the speech in which Bruce addressed her. She, however, with much tranquillity, thanked him for his attention, and added a declaration, how very much concerned she should be to draw him from more agreeable, or perhaps more necessary, engagements.

Br. When I am with you, madam, I consider no engagements *agreeable*, but what are *necessary* to my happiness; none *necessary*, but what are *agreeable* to my inclinations: in fewer words, I wish only to

to attend you in defiance of all my other appointments.

Colonel Orford began now to perceive, what he by no means at first suspected, that Bruce was perfectly fascinated with the person and deportment of this young lady.

Lady. And in return, Sir, I suppose you expect that I should attend to you, in defiance of all mine? If these are your claims for the civility done me, I can only say, that I entreat you will ride with me to the house of my guardian, about a mile distant, and he will return you thanks for taking so long a ride to so little purpose.

Br. To any purpose, madam, I should follow you, whether it was important or insignificant,

insignificant, if the latter word can be used properly, when thinking of you. I shall gladly accept your invitation; and if your guardian is but half so *inviting* as his ward, I shall not be able to think that I have gone out of my way.

Lady. I do not hear your friend say so much; I apprehend he is a wary man, and does not risque his opinions, his compliments, or his person, without being very sure they will be safe. I beg your pardon, Sir; but if ever you know me better, you will find the great lesson that all my friends have to learn of me, is *forgiveness*; for I offend them so often, by the flippancy of my tongue, that some people think every man who keeps me company should be a warrior.

Br. Dear

Br. Dear madam, a man need not fight to love——

Lady. True, Sir; and, perhaps, you may think a man need not love to fight.

Br. Yes he must——if a lady is to be won merely by the point of a sword: but I have seen instances where they have been gained only by the hilt.

Lady. To that effect, men must have courage in shewing the one, and taste in displaying the other; but you know, ha! ha! that swords are now very little worn.

Br. Faith, madam, they need not, when the ladies always carry such two-edged weapons about them, and make it a point to draw their tongue upon every one they meet.

Lady. Self-defence, Sir——If we drew
no

no oftener than the gentlemen, what would become of us? Ha! ha! ha!

Br. You recollect, madam, that when you flourish your weapon so often, the men are obliged to do the same—and I dare say, many of your friends have abilities in a skirmish of this kind.

Lady. No, Sir, no—all they can boast of is a little skill in the *small sword*.

They now reached the house, where the lady resided. Bruce, captivated by her beauty and spirit, yielded to her entreaties, that they would accompany her. He deserted the cause of his Emily, and forgot how intimately her welfare was mingled with his own. The safety of his mistress, which was the object of his journey, and the foundation of his happiness,

ness, was now slighted; and by the skill he displayed, in pursuing the first object of his affections, with the subsequent tameness and caprice, in resigning that heart which was the property of another, he proved the truth of a remark made by Cardinal de Retz (Memoires, Liv. ii.) on the weakness of M D'Elbeuf: "L'Esprit dans les grandes affaires n'est rien sans le cœur."



END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.





